Trotsky's Agents in Spain by James Ridworth

NEW MASSES

JULY 13, 1937 FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY

What's Happening in the U.S.S.R.?

by Sam Darcy

Steel's Soldiers of Fortune

by William Smith

A Short Story

by Charles Bradford

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

ONE of the pleasant features of the summer season is the way the NEW MASSES, with the aid of its friends among the summer-resort proprietors, reaches hundreds and thousands of people who have never heard of it before, or, at least, have never come into close enough contact with it to understand what it really means in American life. Lacking the capitalization without which no profit-making magazine would dare to seek the readers upon which its life depends, publications such as the NEW MASSES are forced to find and utilize new promotion routes. And these are not lacking precisely because such publications, not being profit-making ventures, but being devoted to the propagation of principles in the common interest, find entrée where strictly commercial publications would be barred.

Which brings us back to that pleasant feature of the summer season: the hospitality extended to the NEW MASSES by summer-resort owners. This past week-end, for example, at Chesters' Zunbarg, Contributor John L. Spivak and Managing Editor Alexander Taylor spoke in behalf of the magazine, Taylor linking it up with the present trend to a more political orientation on the part of writers, and Spivak telling of its history and its present need for financial stiffening in terms of the great issues of the day. A twenty-thousand-a-year publicity and promotion man would be unable to wangle such an affair for a commercial magazine, whether at Chesters' Zunbarg or anywhere else. And the guests at Chesters', recognizing the special character of the magazine, saw nothing unusual in the procedure—on the contrary they and the management itself were most generous in their response. Much the same thing happened at Hilltop Lodge, where Contributing Editor Granville Hicks spoke. Throughout the summer, resort owners will continue to make it possible for representatives of the NEW MASSES to bring its message before many potential readers and friends. This page will carry advance notices of such affairs for the information of you and your friends.

Apropos of new and old friends of the NEW MASSES coming forward to help subsidize our exposures of Reaction, an editorial in this issue tells how

ready the Nazis are to finance private ventures which will promote their cause. Read it, and then turn to page 21.

Who's Who

SAM DARCY is an American who has been making a protracted stay in the Soviet Union. . . . William B. Smith is in the steel area, where he has been traveling for some weeks. He is functioning as labor editor of the NEW MASSES during Bruce Minton's leave of absence. . . . James Hawthorne is the NEW MASSES correspondent in Spain, where he has been for about ten months. . . . A. Birnbaum is an outstanding American caricaturist whose work has appeared frequently in the *New Yorker, Stage,* and other publications. . . . Alfred Hayes is a young left-wing poet whose work we have published on numerous occasions. His verse has appeared in the magazine *Poetry,* and was represented in various anthologies, including *We Gather Strength.*

What's What

NEXT week's issue will mark the anniversary of the outbreak of the fascist rebellion in Spain. To memorialize the occasion we will publish an article by James Hawthorne outlining the main contour of developments behind the lines in the course of the year, as well as the prospects for a loyalist victory. Additional articles in the same issue will touch on other aspects of the Spanish situation.

You New Yorkers: don't forget that swell affair for the benefit of the NEW MASSES and the Friends of the Abraham Lincoln Battalion the night of Friday, July 23. The ad on page 26 will tell you more about it.

Some of you may be overlooking a small item which we carry weekly. You will recall that Editor Joseph Freeman spoke over a national radio hook-up in sub-tropical Mexico. Another contributor and close friend is

regularly on the air from another Spanish-speaking land: Ralph Bates giving news and comment from Spain itself over the short-wave radio. This program is listed on page 31.

Believe it or not, some friends of yours and ours still are slightly in the dark when they are ready to do something for the cause of Spanish democracy. Put this in your book so that the next time they ask, you can help them: The clearing house for help for Spain is the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. Send funds there, and address your inquiries there if there's some other way you want to help.

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification direct to us rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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A Word to the Wise

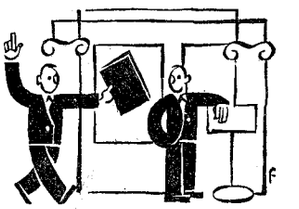
THE editors of NEW MASSES reach up into thin air and presto! the stock on which the magazine is printed appears. They turn on the tap, incanting some mumbo-jumbo, and lo, they have printer's ink. They wave their Merlin fingers at the presses and true words suddenly arrange themselves neatly on pages. The contributors to NEW MASSES slap us on the back and say, "It's O.K., fellows, this article is on the house—tear up the check."

Oh, yeah!

A magazine has got to have money to exist. One way it gets money is through advertising. The way to get advertisers is to prove to them that advertising in that particular medium pays.

We *know* advertising in the NEW MASSES pays. We know our readership better than any publication in this country: we know your habits, your interests, your financial status, your pleasures. We know that the advertising that appears in NEW MASSES is the kind that gets your patronage.

Yet, when you do patronize our advertisers, why don't you mention the fact that you saw their ads in NEW



MASSES! You're articulate men and women. Come on, loosen up those tongues!

We know personally five men who recently bought merchandise from one of our advertisers. Yet when we asked this advertiser how the ads were pulling, he shook his head sadly. We were astounded! Had our five friends lost their tongues? Come, come, now!

Mention NEW MASSES when you patronize our advertisers. It is vital for the continuance of advertising in this magazine!

Flashbacks

THE head of Jack Cade, war veteran, organizer, and rebel, looked down on the hungry thousands from a pike on London Bridge, July 12, 1450. For presenting the "Complaint of the Commons of Kent" and leading an army of twenty thousand workmen and peasants, he was captured, decapitated. He had not been able to keep enough of his army under arms. . . . "Arms are the one thing needful; with arms we are an unconquerable man-edifying national guard; without arms, a rabble to be whiffed with grapeshot," paraphrased Carlyle of the mood of those French revolutionists who stormed that symbol of tyranny, the Bastille, on July 14, 1789. . . . The death of the First International (the International Workingmen's Association) on July 15, 1876, was followed on July 14, 1889, by the birth of the Second International. . . . On July 14, 1921, labor-leading Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti were convicted on framed charges of killing a factory paymaster at South Braintree, Mass.

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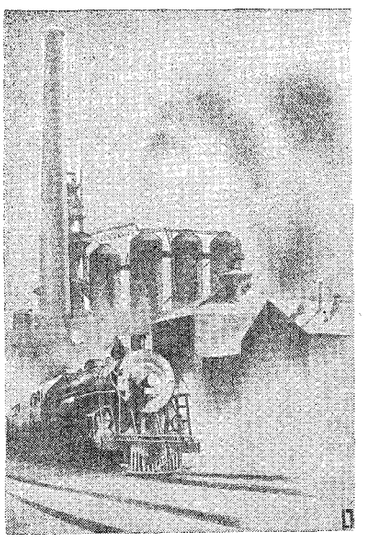

Lithograph by Louis Lozowick

What's Going On in the Soviet Union?

Recent events on the internal and international planes call for a reexamination of developments

By Sam Darcy

ONLY if we understand certain simple facts concerning all of the major countries of the world can we possibly understand what is happening in the Soviet Union today.

Every day the fascists feel themselves in a more difficult situation. Recent press dispatches report that Germany is suffering from increased food and raw material shortages, which have caused shut-downs of numerous factories and dismissals of workers. Even according to official figures, the crops in Germany are worse than they were at this time last year, when they were already bad.

The German, Japanese, and Italian governments have badly strained their resources by their attacks on the Ethiopian, Chinese, and Spanish people. This strain was far worse than they expected. As a consequence, the situation in these countries is becoming so tense that even the press censorship in Germany couldn't suppress the fact that a delegation of leading business men of Germany went to Hitler a few days ago to demand a change in the situation and a let-up in the strain on the country in preparation for war. And Hitler had to threaten them with arrest to get them to withdraw their demands.

All of these facts point to a situation wherein German, Japanese, and Italian fascists are impelled to press for the earliest provocation of a general world-war situation as a means of meeting their precarious internal situation.

These facts bear strongly on what is happening in the Soviet Union today.

WE MUST GO BACK to what we might arbitrarily call the beginning of this period: from 1929 to 1934. When the history of these years is considered in longer perspective, we realize that they were far more critical than we thought at that time. There were three major factors which characterized that period of four or five years: (1) The tremendous expansion and socialization of Soviet industry and the collectivization of agriculture were world-shaking phenomena, which, if lacking the dramatic force of the Russian revolution itself, certainly could be compared to any event in history as a turning point in the development of the world. (2) All capitalist countries during these years suffered from the deepest crisis the world has ever experienced. (3) There was a great rise of the fascist movement: in Germany, and subsequently the Heimwehr fascists in Austria; the rise of the French fascist movement after the events of February 6, 1934; the growth of the Heinlein fascists in Czechoslovakia, who dominate approximately one-fifth of the country; the Degrelle movement in Belgium; the Iron Guard in Rumania; the rise of fascist movements in the Scandinavian countries, in England, and even in the United States.

If you go back to this period you can see what a vast expanse of fascist activities there was all over the world. The international fascist organizations began as propaganda units, but year by year became greater espionage and sabotage organizations in many countries, including the United States. Even in Britain, the ruling class, which for years tried to soft-pedal criticism of German fascism, was forced in 1933 openly to strike back against the German espionage organization there in the famous case of Lieut. Norman Baillie-Stewart, who was convicted of selling military secrets to a foreign power. In the United States the German fascists have been the most provocative in the East, but on the Pacific coast Japan has set up a large espionage organization, so much so that the United States last year was forced to make a demonstration in the Farnsworth case. These are agents who don't merely gather military information, but who also try to wreck industry, disrupt the peace and democratic organizations, the progressive organizations, the trade unions, every possible anti-war, anti-fascist force and aid the reactionary pro-fascist elements to win hegemony in the countries to which they have been assigned.

During these years the fascists carried out a campaign of assassination in every country of the world. The Rumanian Premier, Duca, was murdered by the Iron Guard in 1933. In 1933-4, fifteen prominent people in Czechoslovakia were abducted into Germany and never heard from. In Austria, Chancellor Dolfuss was murdered. Barthou and the pro-French king of Jugoslavia were murdered by

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one of the trigger men of the Nazi organization "Ustachi" in 1934. The stiletto murders in France occurred this year. The kidnaping of the recently executed Jewish patriot Hirsch, and the notorious Jacobs case are indicative of hundreds of similar cases, many of which are never reported. Having got away with the murder of a minister, a king, a chancellor, and as yet an uncounted number of lesser officials, is it any wonder that they dared the greatest atrocity of all, their conspiracy with Franco in Spain?

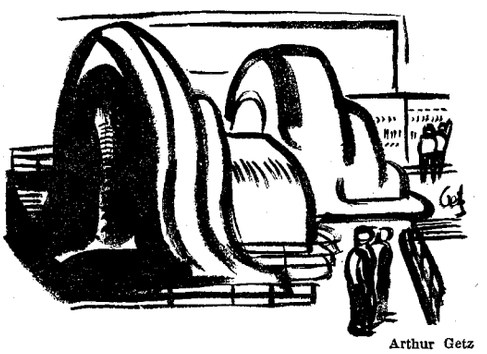
During these years, Communists in the U.S.S.R. allowed a certain laxness to develop with regard to the activities of the capitalist countries, especially the fascist countries, which encircle the Soviet Union. The Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. was absorbed with the struggle to fulfill the requirements of the first Five Year Plan. The work of construction did not proceed as smoothly as it was thought in the United States. The U.S.S.R. needed metal for construction, but there was no metal available. The materials and the tremendous personnel necessary for the new construction projects had to be transported across vast spaces, but the transport system was congested and inadequate. Building material was insufficient for the great demand. The builders and factory workers needed food, clothing, and at least elementary housing; but resources and supplies and the skill to handle those vast projects were inadequate. Slovenly methods of work were still left over from the old Czarist regime. The workers had to be drawn from a peasantry of fifty generations who did not easily acquire the skill to man the new industries. There were few engineers and technicians.

During this period, the muscles and nerves of the Soviet Union were stretched like a taut wire. The Bolsheviks lived only for their construction projects. They thought, spoke, argued, and dreamed construction figures. Mobilized human will, Bolshevik persistence and purpose—all energy was directed toward fulfilling this first Five Year Plan. During this period the millions of members of the Communist Party and Young Communist League were fed badly and slept badly. Many of the best people of the party were worn out and gave their lives in this struggle. Those were years of the most heroic industrial achievement that the world has ever known.

The Soviet Union, which needed all of the technical aid that it could get, gave huge contracts and paid well to German industrial firms for proper technical help and machinery; but instead of sending in engineers, German fascism sent skilled espionage groups by the thousands into the Soviet Union. These, together with certain degenerate elements in the Soviet Union, and, it was later discovered, with the right-wingers and the Trotskyist elements, entered upon a campaign wherein they wrecked trains, put electric power stations out of action, wrecked expensive machinery, caused explosions entailing the loss of lives, deliberately drew up impractical plans, and held back construction projects. The efforts of 100,000 workers to build an industry or *combinat* [a group of functionally related production units —ED.] were sometimes defeated by a handful of foreign agents who held positions as engineers and who succeeded in making alliances with the degenerate elements in the Soviet Union, right-wingers, and the old Czarist remnants, who had been given an opportunity to work in the Soviet Union and then abused the privilege.

Thousands of foreign spies came in as tourists and workers. The fascists and their agents took advantage of this laxness and of the preoccupation of party members with the first Five Year Plan, and indeed, of the over-confidence as a result of its success, to intensify their spy activities in the Soviet Union. Thus for about three years the Japanese-German-Polish espionage apparatus, the elements headed by Trotsky and Pyatakov, and the right-wing elements headed by Bukharin and Radek, succeeded in combining their efforts in an interlocking organization and carried on a program of espionage, wrecking, murder, and disruption against the peoples of the U.S.S.R. This was described in detail by the Trotskyist-right wing criminals themselves in their trials last January.

I am not exactly new to trials or new to the spectacle of Trotskyist crimes. Yet I must say it took my breath away to see the utter cynicism with which those criminals recounted their experiences at the Pyatakov-Radek trials. Take Radek for example. Calmly, as if it meant nothing to him at all, while stirring his glass of tea and lemon on the witness stand, he said: "It's childish to murder one party leader or government official at a time. We must embark on a campaign of mass murder to create a panic." Consider Muralov, the confidante of Trotsky whom the Trotskyites and Socialists hail as an "old Bolshevik": "I am a soldier," he said, "and I can say that guerrilla warfare in this situation is not sufficient. We must have planned mass warfare against the government and the party." Shestov, who looked like the ape-man among them, was a mining-school student who on graduation was given an opportunity which a graduate in a capitalist country rarely if ever has. He was put in charge of construction in one of the most important mining centers of the country. Shestov had been placed there with the connivance of Pyatakov. He testified: "At my suggestion, in a certain place where dynamite was stored we managed to steal dynamite with the help of the technician Kan, and set up our secret store of dynamite. In 1934 the store was discharged. Miners' children who were playing not far from this place were probably digging and hit upon this dynamite. A terrific explosion took place." Ten of the kids were killed and several maimed for life.



Arthur Getz

The extent of such crimes was enormous. Ventilation tubes in the Kemerovo mines were shut off, killing ten miners and wounding fourteen. Again, twenty-nine Red Army men were killed, and twenty-nine wounded in a railroad wreck at Shamikha station. An attempt was made on the life of Comrade Molotov; the saboteurs and wreckers accumulated 50,000,000 rubles' worth of raw materials standing idle on railroad sidings, to prevent the operation of industry; they deliberately organized fifteen major wrecks, and 1500 minor ones by such tricks as sending out locomotives with faulty pressure gauges so that locomotive engineers were blown to bits by exploding boilers. They robbed 164,000 rubles from the bank at Anzhero-Sujensky, which was distributed amongst their criminal gangs.

They committed treason; their Moscow Center reached agreements with the Japanese and German embassies for the partition of the Soviet Union, for the granting of concessions to foreign capitalism, for the return of capitalism to the U.S.S.R. They agreed to perpetrate a series of treasonable measures in time of war, including the destruction of military trains and the infection of the Red Army with bacteria.

And all the time Pyatakov, Serebryakov, Radek, Sokolnikov hung in the background, hoping that something would happen—not like Dickens's Micawber, sitting back and being good-natured—but plotting with Germany and Japan, with every disruptive agent within the country, to make something happen that would weaken the Soviet Communist Party and destroy the first workers' government.

BUT TWO THINGS defeated them. First, the success of the construction of socialism. Why did that defeat them? Because through its success the remnants of capitalist classes were liquidated; the kulaks were liquidated as a class; the nepmen were liquidated as a class; and the conspirators did not have these classes to maneuver with. Inevitably their conspiracies became the plots of generals who could find no army, and in proportion to the extent that they were isolated from the people, precisely in that proportion did they increase their viciousness and multiply their desperate acts.

The second thing that defeated them was the tremendous improvement in the living standards of the people. To build a *combinat* during the first Five Year Plan meant tremendous hardship. People had to wear their old clothes and do without simple luxuries. But at the end of the first Five Year Plan consumers' goods had greatly increased. Ration cards and other such things that had worked difficulties and hardship on the people were eliminated, and almost overnight a tremendous flow of consumers' goods began, and new distribution

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Child Labor

Lithograph by Hyman Warsager (People's Print Group Series)

enterprises were opened up on a large scale. Those people who were misled by the Trotskyites now asked themselves, "Was our anti-Soviet program correct?" The answer caused them to desert their secret conspirative organizations and volunteer information concerning them to the Soviet and party authorities. Trotsky had written in his letters to them: "You will see, conditions in the country must become progressively worse. There will even be a serious collapse in the harvest and in industry. The Five Year Plan is a tragic joke." Those who had been duped by the Trotskyites saw these predictions prove false, and in considerable numbers they turned on their fellow-conspirators. This is the secret of how, in such a comparatively short time, the Soviet Union has been able to uncover the conspiracies despite their great extent.

The capitalist class tries to pretend that this is a sign of the weakness of the Soviet Union. Certainly it was a weakness of the Soviet Union when the degenerate traitors succeeded in carrying on their work without being discovered when the Soviet Union was still confronted with the difficulties of the first Five Year Plan. Today, however, they are too late. A weakness discov and corrected ceases to be a weakness.

Norman Thomas admitted on his return from the Soviet Union that he saw improvement in conditions, that the Soviet Union is very strong, but he said that among the people there is a "feeling of fear" due to the uncovering of this espionage machine. I would like to have a list of the people amongst whom he circulated. Maybe he would find, as Shakespeare says, that their fear is born of consciousness of guilt. As a matter of fact, the uncovering of this espionage machine, rather than causing "fear," actually relaxed the tension of the country as nothing else has done.

The story of Boyarshimov illustrates my point. Boyarshimov had been a wrecker in the earlier Ramsin period. But he soon realized he was a fool, and loyally tried to make good for himself and for his profession. He came back and worked hard in the mining industry. But everything he did was frustrated. Hardly had shafts been sunk when the timbering collapsed; hardly had a new ventilation system been built when for some reason or other it broke down and caused gas explosions. He repeatedly showed up the faults which caused these disasters. But his superior engineer said: "You are too inexperienced to know, and besides, you had better not say anything anyhow. If you give us any trouble—remember, you're a wrecker." Finally, Boyarshimov went to Shestov, his chief of construction, the same ape-man I have been telling you about. He said, "I am not making good at this job, and I know it is not my fault. They are digging the shafts in the wrong places. Everything is going wrong. I think there's wrecking going on." But Shestov was the very one who was directing this wrecking. He answered, "Keep it under your hat for a few days, and give me a chance to investigate." The next day Boyarshimov was found murdered.

What created fear among the people, the murder of Boyarshimov or the exposure of the wreckers? Is it not clear that when people discovered the source of all of this wrecking and terror in the country that the feeling of uneasiness was lifted and a great liberating influence released? Norman Thomas has not rid himself of the Trotskyist taint which pollutes his viewpoint. How does Thomas explain the fact that, when Kirov was murdered, he never had the decency to send condolences to the Soviet Union, but when the band of assassins was caught and tried, he wired the Soviet Union *not* to punish them, to be merciful? Now he is accusing the people's government in Spain of "political gangsterism" because they arrested the murderous Trotskyist putschists in

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Catalonia who helped Franco behind the lines by organizing an uprising. His paper—*Socialist Call,* July 3—even calls for picketing demonstrations against the—Italian or German? no—Spanish consulate! Such solicitous care for counter-revolution!

The New York *Times,* in its issue of June 17, joins editorially with those who cry about the loss of Soviet prestige because of the execution of the Trotskyist espionage agents who had wormed their way into the Red Army, and because the Soviet Union took certain measures to strengthen the Red Army politically. The execution of Tukhachevsky, it says: "coupled with the reaccession to power of the political at the expense of the military has caused the Soviet army a loss of 'face' and has destroyed much of that prestige as a military machine which Tukhachevsky had built up."

The source of the Red Army strength is its political character. The Red Guard of 1917-18 did not win because it had greater military training. But its military weakness was more than compensated for by its political character. And this was true in Madrid and Guadalajara, in China, and in our own American Revolution. A revolutionary cause cannot ever be defeated by some internal traitor —as the failure of Benedict Arnold proved. But added to this, the Red Army is today one of the best trained, best organized and disciplined, and best equipped armies in the world.

The fascists gloat over the support they received from the few isolated wretched adventurers in the U.S.S.R. If they speculate upon success in militaristic adventures based upon such support, let them remember that the support for the Soviet Union in their own countries is based not on a few adventurers, but on large masses.

Recent developments in the expansion of Soviet democracy have an important bearing on what we see happening in the U.S.S.R. Comrade Stalin pointed out in his speech to the last plenum of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union that they had reached the point in the U.S.S.R. where it was necessary to utilize the eagerness of the masses to fight the wreckers, and that this should be done through the widest development of Soviet democracy not only in the country as a whole but also in the Communist Party. He pointed out that many functionaries had become bogged down in their bureaucratic seats, and must be and in fact are being rapidly eliminated.

How critical the judgment of the Soviet party members is of individuals who do not remain alert, active, and growing leaders of the party, is shown by the fact that in the Communist Party elections which have just taken place (with the secret ballot used for the first time) there are districts in which a substantial part of the local leadership was defeated. The vote of the masses against these lax elements was particularly strong in precisely those districts where the Trotskyist espionage agents and wreckers succeeded in functioning to the greatest extent, particularly in the Ukraine, which is the special concentration point for German Nazi espionage and Trotskyist activity.

It is sometimes asked: how is it that so many had to be arrested and brought to trial for having participated in these activities? What is the source of so many traitors? The answer is that problem of personnel is one of the most difficult problems the Soviet Union has to face. It has yet to be fully solved.

At the time the Russian revolution took place, the Soviet party had approximately 140,000 members. These 140,000 had to supply the trusted personnel for manning a vast country more than three times the size of the United States with 50 percent more population. It was necessary to enlist the aid of millions of non-Communist elements, most of whom have since become loyal and devoted workers; but a few of whom, die-hard white-guardist, Trotskyist, or other enemy elements could not give up the fight for their class so easily. By every intrigue they wormed their way into leading posts and by every compromise held them. Their hand was forced when they saw their last mass base in the kulak and nepmen classes liquidated, and they struck desperately and under conditions unfavorable for them.

THE SOVIET UNION is initiating the third Five Year Plan. It far exceeds the tasks set in the first. But it will be fulfilled much more easily. That which took a heroic effort before is being done as a matter of routine today.

For example: a small but very significant item appeared recently in the press. The Kharkov tractor plant announced that one section of the tractor plant was no longer needed for tractors, so they were turning over that section of the plant to the manufacture of electric refrigerators for workers' homes. That small item indicates the difference in circumstances between the first and the third Five Year Plans. Today they have reached the point where they can begin to supply not only the basic needs of an industrial country but also the luxuries to which the Soviet people are justly entitled.

The R.S.F.S.R. [Russia proper—ED.], which is the leading industrial republic of the Soviet Union, plans to increase its industrial output threefold, as compared to its present figures. According to the third Five Year Plan, the Soviet Union as a whole will produce three times as many passenger coaches for railroads as have been constructed during the first and second Five Year Plans combined. The People's Commissariat of Agriculture expects a 250 percent increase in consumption of meat and milk as a result of live-stock developments. The total length of civil airways is expected to increase approximately from 40,000 to 53,000 miles. This does not include development of local airways, which will add another 38,000 miles. The air achievements of the U.S.S.R. already have put the U.S.S.R. forward as the leading civil-aviation country of the world. These figures will give you an idea of the vast progress that has been made, a progress dramatized by the successful polar flight of the three Soviet air heroes.

The very industries, such as railroads, mines, and chemicals, upon which the wreckers concentrated their fiercest efforts, are today reaching levels of production and efficiency which compare favorably with the most modern capitalist countries which have had many scores of years of development.

In its early stages there was a general tendency to consider that the fight against Trotskyism was the fight of the Soviet peoples chiefly. The Soviet peoples will have no difficulty in wiping out the last vestige of Trotskyism. The full guarantee for that does not lie in the Department of Internal Affairs (or the so-called G.P.U.), or in the efficiency of any police or administrative apparatus. It lies in that which was manifested in the last May first celebration: the unparalleled enthusiasm and devotion of the masses of people for the country and their desire to defend their gains that have become especially evident to them in the last three years.

But the fight against Trotskyism in the capitalist countries is not such a simple thing. There they have powerful allies. The policies of the Trotskyites in the capitalist countries are identical with and differ only in formulation and in the masks they wear from the policies of Hitlerism. The Trotskyites are opposed to the people's front; so is Hitler. The Trotskyites fight against the people's movement in France; so does Hitler. The Trotskyites have tried to organize a war in the rear against the people's front government in Spain [See James Hawthorne's article in this issue. —ED.] which distinctly supplements the trench warfare of Hitler. The Trotskyites are trying to disrupt the trade unions in all countries, which corresponds precisely to the policy of Hitler. Trotskyites slander the Soviet Union, exactly as do the fascists.

This coincidence of program is not accidental and not the result merely of a general historical development. As the trials showed, it was the result of conferences between Trotsky's son Sedov, who acted as the agent of the Trotskyites, and Rudolph Hess, the deputy of Hitler. This is the united front of Trotsky with Hitler against the Soviet Union and the people's-front movement. This must be emphasized again and again so that Trotskyites are not regarded as a current in the labor movement. The Trotskyites are infiltrating all progressive movements to disrupt them. They have become one of the chief weapons of the fascists, their cheapest weapon too, because some espionage agents are much more expensive. Trotskyism menaces not only the Soviet Union but the unity of the workers and people's progressive movements of the world. The struggle against Trotskyism in the United States must be carried on because it is part of the struggle in defense of the unity of our working class and the people's front movement for peace. The whole world must rise up against fascist conspiracy, espionage, and intrigue if it is to maintain those liberties we yet have—and for this the cheap and facile Trotskyist agents of fascism must be rapi[illegible]-liminated from decent democratic socie[illegible]

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Steel's Soldiers of Fortune

The current battle between the independent operators and their workers is seen as the opening phase of a much larger struggle

By William B. Smith

"THE mistake steel companies have made in the past has been to reëmploy these trouble makers [strikers]. We won't make the same mistake this time." The voice is the voice of Girdler, but the hands of big business are pulling the strings. Strings that stretch from Wall Street to many offices besides those of Republic Steel. The big money is mobilizing to stop labor on every front. Tom Girdler and "little steel" are the advance guard.

You can find the story of the strike in almost any steel town from Monroe, Mich., to Johnstown, Pa. In Warren, O., workers said that they were in the hot spot, Youngstown strikers felt themselves in the very center, men at Niles looked on that place as the focal point. And they were all right, for their convictions had little to do with the size of a plant, its manufacturing capacity, or its geographical location. Strikers in every steel town took the full brutal impact of organized business, of corrupt and venal officials, and they experienced, too, the carefully planned terrorization of armed forces. Details varied from place to place, but the picture was always the same.

This fact has a deep significance, for the battle between "little steel" and its workers is the opening phase of a much wider struggle. Through the C.I.O., through all the hundreds of strikes and efforts at collective bargaining, labor has begun to assume its rightful place in America's social and economic structure. Moreover, the weight of public opinion and even much government policy, have supported labor's claim. Needless to say, this unmistakable and powerful trend has not escaped the notice of business interests throughout the country. They have viewed it with alarm for a long time, and the swift growth of John L. Lewis's organization brought their leaders solidly together. When Tom Girdler, newly elected president of the American Iron & Steel Institute, swore that he would never recognize the C.I.O. or sign an agreement with his workers, organized capital took the cue eagerly. And there is every reason to suppose that they were active behind the scenes long before the steel companies openly declared war.

Girdler himself has made this revoltingly clear in his vicious, frantic attacks on Lewis, the National Labor Relations Board, and even Franklin D. Roosevelt. Edward F. McGrady was "nothing but Fanny Perkins's office boy;" Lewis had surrendered himself with a lot of Communists;" [illegible]s were "liars." Tom also denounced former business associates because they had signed with the C.I.O. after an election conducted under federal laws. By himself Tom Girdler would be laughed at for his childish and contemptible stand. As spokesman of all the forces of reaction, his words and deeds have the grotesque and horrible importance of a homicidal maniac's.

Girdler does not own Republic as Henry Ford owns his company. He is responsible to a board of directors, not one of whom has signified his disapproval. Moreover, he is subject to control by financial interests outside Republic Steel. Far from being a lone wolf, Girdler follows a policy that has Wall Street's smiling approval. The big money could puncture this trial balloon with a single telephone call. Our economic royalists turned Girdler loose—100,000 steel workers in seven states have borne the brunt of his first onslaught.

ON MAY 25, the Inland Steel Co., after a conference with Van A. Bittner, Chicago regional director of the Steel Workers' Organizing Committee, refused to sign a contract. That same day some 13,000 workers in Republic plants at Canton and Massillon, O., walked out spontaneously. Within forty-eight hours 75,000 men had struck. Republic's sixteen plants and 44,000 workers, Youngstown Sheet & Tube's five plants employing 23,500, and Inland's two mills with 13,000 men were all affected. Republic was the only concern that tried to operate, the others shut down. And even in those plants that remained open the

Robert Joyce

"Well, boss, I read in the newspapers that I'm a worker, so I sort of started the machinery."

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numbers at work were so small that little or no steel was produced.

Immediately the independents issued statements which had one purpose only, to conceal the real issue. Swearing that they had already bargained collectively and would go on doing so, the companies poured out propaganda of this sort, which is quoted from Republic's May 26 message to its employees and the public.

> One of the C.I.O.'s major objectives is the closed shop. The other is the check-off.
>
> We believe a worker's money is his own personal property to do with as he chooses.
>
> The check-off means that the employer takes the union dues out of the pay envelope of the worker. . . .
>
> Surely that is wrong.

By and large the press followed this lead ably, businessmen and pressure groups took their cue from it, and soon the real issue, collective bargaining, was smothered by a barrage of misrepresentation that ranged from legalistic quibblings to frenzied Red-baiting. Even before Senator Wagner declared that the companies should sign as an evidence of good faith, vigilante groups, citizens' committees, police, and hundreds of armed deputies had united, under the banner of law and order, to break the strike at any cost.

IN Youngstown, where 32,000 workers are employed by Republic and Youngstown Sheet & Tube, the companies did not wait for May 26 to begin their drive against the C.I.O. The moment S.W.O.C. organizers became active, an "Independent Society of Workers," promoted by company officials and meeting on company property, was formed. The skeleton of a discredited "employee-representation" (read company-union) system became the independent's backbone, and old "representatives" were paid time and a half by the company to do the job. Needless to say, its principles were the usual company-inspired claptrap, and its membership campaign was carried on chiefly by foremen, superintendents, and company stooges. On April 30 this independent outfit began distributing literature. Here is the preamble to one pamphlet:

> The employees working at the plants of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube Co. hereby establish this organization for the purpose of providing a medium for collective bargaining with the employer on all matters involving grievances, labor disputes, wages, rates of pay, hours of employment or conditions of work, and of maintaining tranquillity, engaging in concerted activities promoting the general welfare, and bargaining collectively through representatives of their own choosing on all such matters, and for obtaining other mutual aid or protection.

Naturally the companies kept behind the scenes. They were helped in this by the good offices of Ray Thomas, former prosecuting attorney of Mahoning County. Mr. Thomas was made counsel for the independent union and largely guided its destiny. One of three men who run Youngstown, Ray Thomas has a long and dirty record both as a labor-hater and all-around blackmailer. Since his election in 1926, Thomas, stooging for various big corporations, has preyed on city officials and workers in the Mahoning Valley. It is common gossip in Youngstown that Thomas amassed a fortune of $250,000 during his six years in office.

Once, in 1931, Ray Thomas was indicted on nine counts of malfeasance and misfeasance in office. Among his close associates is Ernest (Nemo) Neymini, whom the LaFollette Civil Liberties Committee named as agent of Auxiliaries, Inc., a concern dedicated to industrial espionage. Nemo covers politics and industry for the Youngstown *Vindicator*. His paper, and Nemo in particular, have been so unscrupulously pro-Girdler that a few other newspaper men were roughly handled by strikers who get their news from the *Vindicator* only.

Thomas tried every means of pressure and persuasion to round up members, but with the C.I.O. hard at work, steel men were wary of an independent union that was tied up with the ex-prosecuting attorney. Some joined, but the vast majority, hearing Bob Burke, Shorty Stevenson, Tommy Fagin, and other C.I.O. organizers, either got C.I.O. buttons or were strongly sympathetic. The May 26 walkout proved that.

Finding themselves beaten there and facing a powerful united front, the companies changed tactics. Law and order became the supreme issue of the hour—C.I.O. "violence" threatened property and lives in Youngstown. So said a citizens' committee composed of prominent businessmen and a sprinkling of clergymen. The latter were led by Rolland Luhman, pastor of the First Reformed Church. Mr. Carl Ullman, president of the Dollar Savings & Trust Co., and key man in the citizens' committee, is also a pillar in Dr. Luhman's church. This minister, comparatively new to Youngstown, refused to join thirty-eight others in efforts at conciliation because the conciliation committee was not sufficiently business-minded. Full-page advertisements in the Youngstown *Vindicator* and radio harangues echoed Tom Girdler's vicious hypocrisies and added local color. The strikers' lines held fast, though Youngstown's only radio station, WKBN, refused the steel workers any time whatever, and meetings were severely restricted "to preserve law and order."

Balked again, the companies called upon Ray Thomas to lead a back-to-work movement. More than three hundred organizers, aided by foremen and the Independent Workers' Society, canvassed the district. Jobs at better pay were promised those who signed. This and the prospect of earning quick money brought in some signatures. No one knows how many bona fide names Thomas mustered, but as the drive continued, Girdler and Frank Purnell, head of Youngstown Sheet & Tube, began stressing the sacred right to work, with or without collective bargaining. Business interests took up the cry in Youngstown and demanded that the sheriff furnish protection for "loyal" workers.

Sheriff Elser has run Mayor Shields of Johnstown a close race for the title of No. 1 screwball of the steel strike. Back in North Lima, O., Ralph E. Elser had taught school for many years—long enough to inherit the job of county superintendent. This prominence came slowly, however, and Ralph eased his thirst for power and position by active work among the local Ku-Klux Klanners. Nothing particularly vicious appeared in his makeup then. He had children to order about and discipline, and the Klan furnished an additional outlet.

With the support of Ray Thomas and others, Elser got the chance to run for sheriff. He rode in with the New Deal and took his orders from the political machine that had selected him. When the strike broke and Sheriff Elser drew the spotlight, his ego blazed. He had daily "stories" for star reporters and commanded a force of armed deputies to rule the strikers as he had ruled North Lima's boys and girls. Elser's office had no appropriation to pay for the guns and gas he gave his deputies. He borrowed the money himself on two expectations—either the county would make good or he would get it back from the companies. The Dollar Savings & Trust Co. granted the loan.

The sheriff swore in deputies by the hundred—men recruited from the underworld, thugs and gangsters—armed them heavily, and set them roving. C.I.O. pickets were arrested, slugged, and shot at. As his campaign of terrorization gained speed, Elser added more deputies, the citizens' committee clamored for law and order, and Ray Thomas told the world and Governor Davey that nine thousand men had signed back-to-work cards. Incidentally, there is a well-founded rumor that Thomas was paid five dollars for each signature he collected.

Not content with bulldozing C.I.O. men and pickets, Elser went further. He had Bob Burke arrested on a charge of shooting with intent to kill. Both in the strike and during the C.I.O.'s organization campaign, Bob had been a front-rank fighter. It was he who built up the S.W.O.C.'s Republic lodge, and steel workers were inspired by the very sight of this husky college football player and boxer who knew steel and could talk union stuff to the men who made it. But Bob Burke didn't stay in jail, though Elser and Ray Thomas had done their best to frame him. His mother and father were with Bob the night he was accused of attempted murder.

WHILE Elser's mob was keeping law and order, Governor Davey undertook to mediate. Tom Girdler reiterated his hard-boiled stand, hoping that police brutality and starvation would break the workers' spirit and let him open the mills again with imported scabs and men whose children were hungry. But Tom had not seen the S.W.O.C. relief kitchen on Wilson Avenue where Rose DiVinci served excellent meals, nor any of the well-stocked food stations. Perhaps the governor thought he could do something and perhaps he wanted to delay any action by the federal government.

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Joseph Serrano

"He took this just as a temporary job when he got through college."

Today steel workers are of one opinion on that point. Moreover, Davey's intervention was nicely timed to check the swift development of a city-wide union move to give the strikers more active support and curb Elser's strike-breaking deputies. The United Labor Congress representing sixty-eight local unions, had instructed members to hold themselves in readiness, and the teamsters declared a labor holiday.

Tension was mounting rapidly when Frances Perkins's Mediation Board stepped in requesting that the status quo be maintained. Governor Davey followed suit, but not until after Elser's deputies had murdered two steel men, and gassed and beaten women and children, women who had come to Poland Avenue for a first Saturday night get-together of their S.W.O.C. Auxiliary. This deputy-provoked "riot" shocked Youngstown as the police killings had shocked Chicago.

Most strikers welcomed the troops when they rolled up in trucks and marched into position at the company gates. As Tommy White told his men at C.I.O. headquarters near the Republic mill, "I'd a damn sight rather see *them* there than Elser's crowd o' butchers. And don't forget, boys, the soldiers won't be making steel."

Tommy was half right, the soldiers made no steel, but their guns and tin hats seemed to inspire the sheriff's office. While Girdler and Purnell stubbornly refused any mediation that meant coming to terms with the C.I.O. and announced their intention to go ahead and open the plants no matter what, Youngstown deputies and Mayor Evans's police set out to wreck the union from top to bottom.

Tuesday, June 22, two hundred strikers were arrested, including all the S.W.O.C. leaders that Elser's mob dared to pick up. Shorty Stevenson was held for toting a gun he had never seen until the sheriff offered it in evidence. Shorty finally got out on $5000 bail. Big "Smiley" Chatok spent forty hours in custody because he carried a knife—the same little pen-knife Smiley had owned for a dozen years. Fed bread and coffee during his "vacation," Smiley came out a stronger union man than ever. Bob Burke was picked up again. Nobody quite knew why. So it went all day, that and the next, with the sheriff's office "too busy" to allow even the most elementary civil rights to men who still demanded collective bargaining for the workers in "little steel."

Out at C.I.O. headquarters on Poland Avenue, deputies staged a raid Wednesday morning. Records were taken, a gasoline can labeled "gas" (poison gas, the deputies charged) was carted away for evidence, and little Arthur Connelly, a cripple who had volunteered to act as secretary, found himself headed for jail.

Meetings were forbidden, men were told not to congregate, and Youngstown streets echoed the noise of cars and trucks filled with marauders acting in the name of law and order. The S.W.O.C. sound truck, used to broadcast union information, was safely in the sheriff's hands. By Thursday most of the C.I.O. lodge officials that weren't in jail kept "close to home." The Mediation Board had made no progress with Girdler and Purnell, and all signs indicated that the negotiations would break down. Then every leader would be needed.

At eleven o'clock Thursday night Governor Davey announced that the Board could not reach an agreement and that the mills would be opened—opened practically at the company's discretion and under conditions that fully guaranteed the sacred right to work. This left it to Sheriff Elser to determine what those conditions would be—the state troops did not act independently at Youngstown, Warren, or anywhere else. They were sent to help local officials enforce law and order.

Sheriff Elser hardly missed a trick. Friday, with the mills opening, deputies continued to arrest *ad lib,* and the "soldiers" cleared the streets for blocks around every mill gate. Friday night deputies and troopers raided C.I.O. headquarters on "14 Hill" opposite Stop 14, main entrance to Sheet & Tube's biggest mill. They "occupied" it for about two hours—two crucial hours as the seven o'clock shift was going in. Oddly enough, the telephone went dead after these disciples of law and order left.

So MUCH for Youngstown's story of the strike. At Warren, fifteen miles away, the soldiers are on hand as this is written, and Sheriff Roy Hardman has come out for the sacred right to work. Hardman, one of the wealthiest sheriffs in Ohio, was a few steps behind Sheriff Elser at first, but he has come along fast. His deputies specialized in catching dynamiters with or without the goods. Three sensational "confessions" point to Gus Hall, S.W.O.C. organizer for Warren, as the "master mind" behind these alleged crimes. The "plot" was revealed by men who were picked up on suspicion and "questioned" for three days before they confessed.

At Canton pickets have been dispersed by the military with wholesale arrests of rank-and-file and leaders. So it goes. Details vary from place to place, but the picture remains the same. Steel workers know what it means just as they know at first hand the brutal forces arrayed against them. Tom Girdler has *his* marching orders. The C.I.O.'s forces are digging in for a long hard fight—liberals in every walk of life had better join them.

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A. Birnbaum

MAD DOGS AND ENGLISHMEN GO OUT IN THE MIDDAY SUN

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Washington Weathercocks

IF the actions of Madame Perkins and Governor Earle during the past week are supposed to be commentaries on President Roosevelt's cryptic remark damning the "extremists" in both camps of the labor conflict, then the President meant something other than what he said. Madame Perkins's about-face on the sit-down issue lacked even the tact necessary to cover such a headlong retreat. Governor Earle's invective against the "Communist menace" at the Johnstown mass meeting was a thinly disguised effort to let the steel workers down by placing all blame on a convenient but innocent scapegoat. Both statements went far beyond the President's comment, which committed him to neither side.

One sentence in Secretary Perkins's letter on sit-downs was especially revealing: "It [the sit-down] is also full of hazards to the progressive democratic development of trade unionism and to the orderly process of collective bargaining and coöperation with employers on the basis of a recognized status." Madame Perkins knows, as we do, that sit-downs have never once *prevented* employers from dealing with a union. Unions resort to sit-downs, and strikes generally, *after* employers have refused to bargain collectively.

The tycoons of steel are masters at this type of misrepresentation. First, they refuse to bargain with the union. The union calls a strike. Then they refuse to bargain *because* the union has called a strike. "Coöperation with employers on a recognized status" indeed!

Elections in Ireland

IN most respects, the elections in Ireland followed Brian O'Neill's prophetic analysis in last week's NEW MASSES. "In Dublin, Cork, and other big centers, the disillusion of the masses, who are paying with an inflated cost of living for the industrial-protection policy, may find expression in an anti-Fianna Fáil vote," wrote O'Neill. Only this circumstance explains the failure of De Valera to get a large majority in the next Dail. The defeat of former President Cosgrave's United Irish Party was nowhere as great as was expected nor as decisive as democratic institutions in Erin (or Eire, as it should now be called) required. A substantial bloc of seats is again held by the Labor Party.

De Valera's vote bore out O'Neill's contention that Fianna Fáil's strength with various employer groups has greatly increased since 1932, whereas his influence among the masses has significantly declined. This shift in the social base of the De Valera forces may hold the key to Ireland's future political alignment. The voters used two ways to show their disgust with pro-British and pro-fascist Cosgrave and their dissatisfaction with De Valera. Some voted Labor against both old parties. Some voted for De Valera in order to defeat Cosgrave, but voted against De Valera's new and reactionary constitution. As a result, the constitution scraped through by a slim margin.

The most hopeful element in the elections is to be found more in the results in single constituencies than in the vote as a whole. Where individual candidates crystallized the issue of democracy versus fascism, the people voted in unmistakable fashion. Northeast Dublin elected Jim Larkin, militant labor leader, worthy son of the great Irish trade-union pioneer of the same name, thereby defeating General Richard Mulcahy, one of Cosgrave's chief war-horses. Another labor candidate defeated Patrick Belton, chairman of Cosgrave's new fascist experiment, the "Irish Christian Front," and one of Franco's chief lieutenants on the island.

Alertness Credit

MANY teachers at the National Education Association convention in Detroit last week were alarmed when the executive committee announced "last-minute changes" permitting employer representatives to address the gathering. Foremost among the privileged was William J. Cameron, the suave and arrogant spokesman for the Ford Motor Co., who accused the teachers of giving their students a distorted view of industry. Every advance in social justice, he said, was due not to labor leaders but to "altruistic industrialists." In reply, Dr. William H. Kilpatrick of Teachers College, Columbia University, declared that "Labor people have been the surest friends of education in this country."

The majority of the teachers supported Dr. Kilpatrick. Their decision to increase the executive committee from five to nine members is undoubtedly an attempt to limit future last-minute changes. The report of the committee on tenure, censuring Yale University for the dismissal of Prof. Jerome Davis, was unanimously adopted. With the adoption of a more aggressive policy with regard to teachers' salaries, tenure and retirement, the N.E.A. has begun to see eye to eye with the more progressive American Federation of Teachers on many issues.

The Vanderbilt Cup Race

THE VICTORY of a German-made entrant in the Vanderbilt Cup race last weekend casts a shadow which stretches ominously from 1914 into the near future. Twenty-three years ago a German Mercedes team took the first three places in the French Grand Prix from the previously invincible French Peugeots and DeLages. Within a few weeks, Baron Richtofen and Lieutenant Guynemer were fighting out larger issues in the air.

The result of the Vanderbilt Cup race, in which Italian cars also performed brilliantly, is the end-product of a Nazi-fascist drive on popular opinion which has been practised longer and organized more consciously and skillfully in its propaganda aims and effects than that which led up to 1914. An official statement reveals that the Nazi government subsidizes Mercedes and Auto Union racing cars to the extent of at least a million dollars a year, and from the production this year the actual subsidy probably exceeded a million and a half. Mussolini also subsidizes Alfa Romeo. The democratic countries do not have such subsidies (with the possible exception of England, where backing is furnished for attempts to set new time records), and hence only our specially built professional racing cars can compare. The German Auto Union machines get 246 m.p.h. as against 160 m.p.h. for our Indianapolis jobs; Mercedes wins races at 162 m.p.h. as against our 130 m.p.h. for Indianapolis.

Today's Nazi-fascist racing organization goes deeper into the international social structure than the providing of occasional admiration-exciting items in the newspapers. One of the few arts remaining in Nazi Germany provides international middle-class youth with impressive photographs of these beautiful machines in victory. Such things influence an especially crucial group, the aviators. Note the expert young English drivers, like Dick Seaman, in the Nazi camp.

Like Hitlerism generally, much of all this is on an unsound foundation. For its $10,000 stock jobs, Mercedes-Benz recently adopted side valves because the materials available for its type of inset valve would not stand modern compression ratios. Overhead valves can of course deliver more power. But for hippodrome productions such as that on the Roosevelt Raceway, Hitler can get enough

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good materials to retain the overhead valves.

But it would be criminal for democratic sympathizers to underestimate the meaning of the show on Long Island, especially as it correlates with Nazi and Japanese war threats. Two hundred and forty-six m.p.h. means planes in the background as deadly for this period as the Fokkers were in theirs. Despite certain generalizations by non-technical observers in Spain, it would seem that mechanically and from the standpoint of internal organization, Hitler is as ready for *der Tag* as he is ever likely to be.

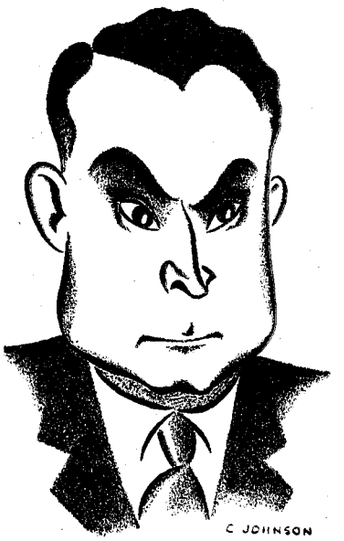
Bumper Crop Ahead

NO MORE bloody labor history has been written in America in recent years than that which has come from the agricultural regions. The lettuce strike in California is fresh in all our memories, and Charles Bradford's story in this issue reflects the kind of thing which has been the all-too-common fate of the workers of the field. It is heartening, therefore, to report that this week fifty-four agricultural, cannery, and fruit and vegetable packing-house unions, representing more than seventy-five thousand members, will meet in Denver in a first national convention. Forty-four of the unions are A. F. of L. affiliates, and all the large independent unions in the field will be represented.

The main questions before the convention will be the formation of an international union and C.I.O. affiliation. At this writing prospects seem bright for both, and for the new international's presidency to go to Donald Henderson, militant strategist of the Seabrook Farms strike and other agricultural struggles. The major objective of the new set-up will be the organization of three million farm workers and half a million cannery workers throughout the United States on a program which will aim at: (1) a maximum ten-hour day instead of the present dark-to-dark stretch; (2) wage increases everywhere to replace the present coolie levels with something resembling a decent minimum standard; (3) a share in the benefits of all forms of social legislation, such as child labor and unemployment insurance, which at present consistently excludes agricultural workers from benefits; (4) closer coöperation with the Farmers' Union, progressive organization of small farm owners.

Bad Neighbor Policy

THE appointment of Jefferson Caffery as American ambassador to Brazil was a most unfortunate choice at a most critical moment. No man in the American foreign



Crockett Johnson

Jefferson Caffery, master meddler

service was so unsuited for the job—if President Roosevelt's pretensions at the Buenos Aires Peace Conference are to be taken seriously. Caffery, until now ambassador to Cuba, is the exponent and practitioner par excellence of active intervention in the internal politics of the country to which he is appointed. It is he, more than any other single force, who saddled the Cuban people with the brutal dictator Batista, and only with his departure has oppression in Cuba begun to abate.

Caffery once explained his conception of his position to the American Chamber of Commerce in Havana as follows: "Diplomacy, as I interpret it, nowadays consists largely in coöperating with American business." Translated into the terms of Brazilian conditions, this means that the powerful German interests in Brazil are in for a period of stiffer American competition than before. On good authority, Caffery has been accused of having inspired the terrible "massacre of the Bananeras" in Colombia, in which hundreds of men, women, and children were slaughtered. In Brazil, he will find a willing accomplice in President Getulio Vargas, who is now casting about for a puppet to succeed him when his term expires next year.

Brazil now stands at the turning of the way. The dictatorship of Vargas has begun to relax owing to pressure from the masses and strategy dictated by the political exigencies of the coming election. One sign of the times was the release of the brave Senator Abel Chermont, imprisoned merely for acting as counsel for Luis Carlos Prestes and Arthur Ewert, leaders of the Brazilian National Liberation Alliance. Chermont celebrated his release by reappearing in the Senate and delivering a speech which exposed the brutal methods of the prison administration.

Brazilian liberals want this answered: Will Caffery find a Brazilian Batista to carry on the Vargas reign of terror?

Storm Warning

AS WE go to press, the national executive committee of the Workers' Alliance, organization of W.P.A. workers and the unemployed, is in session in the nation's capital to decide on emergency action to counter the present unbridled attacks upon relief workers. The struggle between the administration and the W.P.A. workers over dismissals has assumed the characteristic aspect of war: the more stubborn the resistance to attack, the more merciless the assault becomes.

This past week the local and federal authorities wreaked serious violence on relief workers who sat in or went on the picket line in defense of their jobs. New York saw some of the terror that has been frequent in other cities, federal agents in one instance resorting to a third-degree which imprisoned W.P.A. sit-downers in a windowless room into which steam and cold air were alternately introduced. The police went in for clubbing pickets and sit-down strikers in strange contradiction to Mayor LaGuardia's recent declaration that economic problems cannot be solved with a nightstick. And the W.P.A.'s own guard force was suddenly augmented by a flock of new plug-uglies, some of whom were recognized as part of the Chicago mob imported to smash the taxi strike.

These developments signify the administration's bull-headed determination to cut down relief rolls come what may. The law does not require it, for the recent appropriation can be spent as fast as the administration pleases. It could continue payrolls on the former or an expanded scale and ask a deficiency appropriation at the opening of the next session of Congress. Its determination to cut is therefore purely a political concession to the Right which must and will be accepted as a political challenge from the Left.

And the latter forces may return the gauntlet with such force as to cause the administration a disagreeable surprise. Already congressmen who voted for the President's appropriation bill on the assurance that no one in need would suffer are rising in wrath over reports from their constituencies that the layoffs are proceeding regardless of need. Administrator Hopkins's office has been the scene of several unpleasant interviews with these congressmen. The probability is that by the time this issue of the NEW MASSES reaches its readers a resolution will have been introduced in Congress declaring that a state of emergency exists and

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asking an additional billion and a half dollars for the W.P.A. which will raise the existing appropriation to the figure of the original Boileau bill. In support of the measure the Workers' Alliance will mobilize demonstrations throughout the country the week of July 22, and relief workers will besiege congressmen everywhere demanding its support. Readers of the NEW MASSES should individually and through their organizations press their federal legislators to vote for this measure. Let the local and federal relief administration fry in the heat of your indignation at the present layoffs and the violence that is accompanying them.

No Peace in Palestine

AFTER a careful and skillful process of releasing newspaper feelers along the lines of a pre-determined policy in order to soften the inevitable, the British government through its Royal Commission finally decided that last week was the time for official announcement of the tripartite partition of Palestine. As Zionist spokesmen hastened to point out, this new arrangement solves no old problems and raises several new ones. It is likely to precipitate a long-impending life-and-death crisis for the Zionist movement.

The Zionists, hopeful of controlling a Palestine state with possibilities for expansion at some future date, are firmly opposed to any "solution" at the present time, which would freeze them into but half the mandated territory. The Arabs, according to the plan, are likewise deprived of hegemony over the whole of Palestine, but they are said to be compensated by the addition of Transjordania. The loss of Transjordania is a bitter pill for the Zionists who have always regretted the fact that the Palestine mandate for a national Jewish home specifically excluded this sparsely-settled territory. The British are assured of a permanent sphere of influence with a mandate over a small slice of land, including the cities of Jerusalem, Nazareth, and Bethlehem.

The best proof that the partition solves exactly nothing is the fact that the Royal Commission's report was introduced by large military reinforcements. Both the leading Arabian and Zionist bodies rejected the plan in advance. Nevertheless, the British will probably succeed in weakening both sides because various elements in both camps are sure to accept the "compromise." The Arab High Committee is having difficulty holding in line an opposition party content with the plan. Similar tendencies are to be expected among Zionists tired of bucking both the Arabs and the British in the interminable controversy.

The British have little to lose under their plan. They will continue to exercise complete control during the "transition" period—a period known in the past to possess unlimited possibilities of extension. They will operate from a mandated base strategically situated in the center of Palestine. A corridor under British control from Jerusalem to Jaffa will cut Palestine almost exactly in half. Above all, it will not be necessary to use British troops against the Arab national forces. The Jewish state will, presumably, possess its own army and police force. Arabs will fight Jews; the British will continue to hold the balance of power; Tommy Atkins will be just as effective, but he will meet with less unpleasantness than a year ago.

Just to Be Helpful

SPEAKING of violence, communism, and the C.I.O., three Chicago policemen, testifying before the Senate civil liberties committee, declared that "dope, communism, and liquor" were the causes of the Memorial Day massacre of ten strikers in Chicago. Phillip Igoe, patrolman, "heard hilarious laughter" as the strikers approached, and concluded that many were under the influence of marihuana cigarettes. The proof was that they were marching to the "monotonous chant of C.I.O.—C.I.O." His superior officer, no doubt of higher police intelligence, testified that the marchers were "infatuated with communism."

May we suggest to the Chicago commissioner of police that he import some of the famous "Moscow truth drug"?

Permanently Impermanent

"PERMANENT substitute" may sound like a contradiction in terms, but it designates a category of long standing in the New York City school system. Paid only one to three quarters of the regular teacher's pay, the permanent substitute performs a service in no way different from that of the regular appointees. Qualifications for both jobs are identical. Nevertheless, some permanent substitutes have been held down to the lower status for as long as ten years. They receive no pay for the summer months, and their tenure is insecure.

In essence, the permanent substitute is a regular teacher at about half the salary. Solely as a result of a reclassification, the wages of a considerable part of New York's teachers have been cut to a scale which threatens the salary standards of the teaching profession as a whole.

As a result of an excellent campaign by the New York City Teachers' Union, three bills designed to help these substitutes were passed in the last session of the State Legislature, only to fall foul of a pocket-veto by Governor Lehman. The Neustein Bill would have increased the daily salary of elementary school substitutes from $6 to $8.43 and that of high school substitutes from $7.50 to $11.50. The Fischel-Steingut Bill called for limited examinations to substitutes and teachers-in-training, enabling them to obtain regular teaching positions in recognition of their experience. The Schanzer Bill would have increased the minimum salary of junior clerical assistants from $900 to $1200 per year. Governor Lehman expressed sympathy with the Neustein and Schanzer measures, but acted on the advice of Mayor LaGuardia, who claimed that the city administration had made no appropriation for the additional expenditures the acts would involve.

Many hold the erroneous impression that Governor Lehman's veto killed the bills for the time being. The truth is that the scene of the permanent substitutes' campaign has, for the time being, simply been shifted from Albany to the Board of Estimate and the mayor of New York. All three measures can be passed immediately by the Board of Estimate in whose power it rests to make an adequate appropriation. The injustice done these teachers and the dangers inherent in this whole wage-cutting technique to the whole profession are obvious. The substitutes deserve the support of the entire community in their plea for justice.

In the Shadow

MONDAY, July 12, according to present plans, the State of Alabama will reënact the brutal farce of trying to convict and send to their deaths the eight innocent Negro youths known to the world as they will be known to history as the Scottsboro boys. The ninth, Haywood Patterson, has already been reconvicted, and his case will come before the next session of the United States Supreme Court on appeal.

The Scottsboro Defense Committee, a united-front organization, is in charge of the defense at the coming trials. Samuel Leibowitz will again be of defense counsel. The defense witnesses, including Ruby Bates, are standing solid. Virginia Price, who has been kept by the prosecution in the style to which she would have liked to become accustomed, is expected to shine darkly again as the state's star witness. Attorney General Knight is dead, but his successor, Carmichael, is bent on a conviction. Judge Callahan—"Speed" Callahan—who sat when Patterson was tried, will be sitting again.

There is a slight change, however, since the last trials. The C.I.O. has forged ahead in Alabama, raising to some extent the level

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of social consciousness among the masses. The liberal elements of the state are more definitely aroused. But the state political apparatus, representing the great industrial and land-owning interest who want to keep the Negro terrorized, is largely unchanged. Whether the influence of the liberals and trade unionists of Alabama can make itself felt effectively at once is questionable. But there is no question that the forces of the prosecution are on the defensive as never before, and that the forces of the defense are broader and more powerful than ever before. They can and must drive forward to the ultimate victory of freedom for the Scottsboro boys. Even when that victory has been achieved, however, one grim fact will remain: nine innocent boys will have been in jail for seven of the best years of their lives. Retribution for this crime can come only by the sweeping away of the bourbon system which perpetrated it.

The Socialists Go Round and Round

CONSIDER the case of Norman Thomas. Immediately after his return from Spain, not long ago, Thomas wrote a column for the *Socialist Call* [June 19] in which he denounced the Spanish Trotskyites in strong and bitter terms. He said the P.O.U.M.'s putsch "played into the hands of fascism in Europe." He called the rising "an example of left-wing infantilism at a critical moment." He said that its effect upon working-class and anti-fascist sentiment in Europe was "disastrous." He said that "Bilbao need never have been so sorely pressed if a proper offensive could have been begun in time on the Aragon front." There was, however, no such offensive; according to Thomas, "one factor in the delay was the rising in Catalonia for which the Anarchists and the P.O.U.M. were responsible."

That was Norman Thomas standing erect.

Within two weeks, Thomas moved completely around and landed on his head. In the name of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party he dispatched telegrams to the Labor and Socialist (Second) International, former Premier Largo Caballero, Premier Juan Negrin and the Socialist Party of Spain, which read: "Urgently request Labor and Socialist International in joint conference with Comintern insist that all working class organizations protect civil liberties of other workers loyally fighting fascism and cease organized repression against C.N.T., F.A.I., P.O.U.M., Left Socialists."

Slander is the word for it. Only a small portion of these charges can be substantiated —exactly that portion about which Thomas himself, two weeks earlier, had given such eloquent testimony. It is true that the Spanish government has, after much delay, taken decisive action against the leaders of the Trotskyist P.O.U.M. for reasons discussed by James Hawthorne in this issue. It is absolutely false to state that there is any "organized repression" against either the Syndicalist C.N.T. or the Anarchist F.A.I. or the Left Socialists. What are the facts?

Only a short time ago, the *Socialist Call* treated Largo Caballero with contempt and hostility. That was when Caballero worked in harmony with the Spanish Communists. Today, because Caballero is at odds with the government, he is considered a martyr by the very people who yesterday denounced him. That is unscrupulous factionalism at the expense of the Spanish cause.

Caballero is not the only left Socialist in Spain. Julio Alvarez del Vayo, Foreign Minister in the Caballero government, is a much more virile and able left Socialist. Del Vayo has not followed Caballero into embittered impotence. On June 15, the Communist organ, *Frente Rojo,* published an article by Del Vayo supporting the organic unification of the Communist and Socialist parties. Yes, the very Communist Party which Norman Thomas ridicules as "to the right of the left Republicans." Del Vayo attended the recent plenum of the Spanish Communist Party, a symbol of solidarity between the Spanish Communists and Socialists.

Scott Johnston

Thomas—landed on his head

In fact, the U.G.T. (General Workers' Union), of which Caballero is secretary, was forced to repudiate Caballero's policies. At the time of the cabinet crisis, the U.G.T. announced that it would not support any cabinet which Caballero did not head. A few days later, the voice of the masses in the organization began to be heard, and the U.G.T. reversed its former position completely.

Neither are the Anarchists and Syndicalists suffering "organized repression." They are not represented in the present government; they refused repeated pleas to participate. They made their choice, but against the wishes of the Communists and Socialists. Since then, the C.N.T. has drawn up a program for winning the war which the Spanish Communist Party greeted as a genuine basis for a joint anti-fascist program. The C.N.T. program explicitly denounces those who would call the present government "counter-revolutionary."

Thomas's telegram is intended to defend the Trotskyites and no others. It is intended to befuddle the uninformed and the unwary. No other interpretation can be placed on this distortion of easily ascertained facts. Thomas is the American counter-part of those "conciliators" in Spain mentioned by Hawthorne. They condemn the putsch as counter-revolutionary, yet defend the right of the Trotskyites to organize counter-revolution. They admit that the putschists played into the hands of the fascists, yet refuse to take action to prevent the repetition of such a putsch. And this in the midst of a terrible and savage war!

Was it "organized repression" for the people's front to defend itself? Is it "organized repression" for the government to punish the leaders and participants in the crime? Is it "organized repression" to prevent another outbreak which would play into the hands of the fascists in Europe, react disastrously upon working-class and anti-fascist sentiment in Europe, and lead to another and more catastrophic Bilbao?

The telegram is not without an element of double-dealing. Very carefully, it demands that the civil liberties of "workers loyally fighting fascism" be protected. The P.O.U.M. is smuggled in among those who come under this category. This is somewhat less than candid. The P.O.U.M. was able to stage a rebellion because it withheld and hid arms from the front. Instead of fighting fascism, its main emphasis was against the "enemy at home," against the people's front. To oppose their repression on the grounds that they are "loyally fighting fascism" is to stand the truth on its head.

How long will Norman Thomas continue his travels around the political merry-go-round?

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Trotsky's Agents in Spain

The activities of the P.O.U.M. have had a measurable relation to the war's vicissitudes

By James Hawthorne

THE word "counter-revolutionary," applied to "opposition" parties, used to irritate me. Out of respect for the many who still feel that way about it, I should like very much to discuss the "left" critics of the people's front in a frank and friendly manner.

For all practical purposes the P.O.U.M. is not only *a* Trotskyist organization, but *the* Trotskyist organization. Weak as it is, it is yet the most powerful section in the International of Discord. It was formed of anti-Communist groups headed by Joaquin Maurín and Andres Nín, both of whom are rejects of the Comintern. It was for a very short time represented in the Catalan Generality by Nín, avowed representative of Trotsky. Its language and line, verbal revolutionism, are pure Trotskyist. Any document picked at random will serve to illustrate the connection of the P.O.U.M. with the exile of Coyoacan.

The Partido Obrero de Unificación Marxista (P.O.U.M), which in its ideological struggle with the official Communist Parties pointed out the dangers to the Russian Revolution and to the cause of the workers of the world, concealed in the theory of 'socialism in one country,' which criticized the false line of the Third International in recent years . . ."

During the last few months, in Catalonia particularly, they carried on a campaign which was incredible in a war situation. By way of illustration: their attacks on the international brigades. By this time everyone knows the remarkable service the German, Italian, French, British, European, and extra-European anti-fascist volunteers have rendered to the people of Spain. Their great moral influence and military value hardened the militias to the burden of defending Madrid. Yet the Trotskyist P.O.U.M., in its tireless labor of pouring salt on wounds, publicly addressed the Anarchists of Catalonia as follows: "Comrades, do you realize what you are doing when you allow the international brigades to enter here? Don't you know that these men of the international brigades, once fascism has been conquered, will be the instrument of the Communist Parties of Spain and Catalonia, turned against you to annihilate you, as in the early days of the Russian Revolution?"

When Germany and Japan were negotiating a pact directed against the Communist International, the Trotskyites provided the supporting arguments. And when, in the international landscape, the giant figure of the Soviet Union stands firmly and unconditionally beside the Spanish government, the Trotskyites fiercely attack the U.S.S.R. International fascism prepares an attack on Catalonia "to prevent it from becoming a Soviet colony," and the P.O.U.M. echoes the charge that the Soviet Union interferes in Catalonia's affairs.

In February 1936, the people's front victory seated some one hundred Socialists and Communists in the Cortes. Joaquín Maurín had profited from the National Confederation of Labor's refusal to place their own representatives, and their reluctance to vote for the regular parties, to obtain the P.O.U.M.'s one seat. The workers were now in a position to win back the wages and hours stolen from them by the regime of the "two black years." Landlords and employers were desperate, and sought to create disorders which would turn the great mass of the population against the workers. The reactionary scheme was to prolong and embitter every strike. The Syndicalists, with impatient revolutionary slogans, tended to play into their hands. The Trotskyites seized eagerly on this straw, and in June, with the reactionaries waiting for a "legal" excuse to turn the army and police against the people's front, Maurín called for a general strike. The workers of the U.G.T. returned to their shops with scant respect for Señor Maurín.

William Sanderson

Now observe the line of the P.O.U.M. from July 1936 to late September. In the early days of the military-fascist rising, a huge poster covered Barcelona walls. It was a reprint from the Anarchist daily, *Solidaridad Obrera,* complaining that crime was covering itself with the mantle of the revolution. Looting and killing, the paper declared, were being practiced by groups flourishing the "insignia of membership in the P.O.U.M. and the C.N.T." So much for the practical activities of the P.O.U.M. in July.

Politically, the P.O.U.M. quickly found the exact "revolutionary" position to complement that of international fascism. General Franco's allies abroad and voices from the Vatican were endeavoring to cover up the treason of the military caste by denying that the February government was actually representative of the Spanish people. The P.O.U.M. obliged by an attack on the people's front and a demand for a Constituent Assembly to elect a "representative" government. But when the Syndicalists insisted on a place for the P.O.U.M. in the Generality, the Trotskyites found that government sufficiently representative without a Constituent Assembly.

In the period from late September to mid-December, the P.O.U.M. continued its sabotage. It entered the Catalonian Generality in contradiction to its barely completed denunciations of the Socialist and Communist parties for their participation in the central government. At this point the Trotskyites officially adopted the policy of setting the National Confederation of Labor against the Marxists. The P.O.U.M. would maintain "close relations with the C.N.T. because that organism, remaining independent of the bourgeoisie and having the importance which its numerical strength gives it, provides the highest guarantees that the social content of the revolution will not be frustrated." This statement followed closely the decision of the Anarcho-Syndicalist C.N.T., declining to accept government control of their militias, despite the urgent need for a regular army. In its eagerness to guarantee the social revolution, the C.N.T. was rejecting every common-sense guarantee of victory over the fascists, without which there would be neither proletarian revolution nor democratic revolution, nor Marxists nor Anarchists! The Barcelona organ of the Trotskyites never tired of repeating: "There are two organizations in Spain that fight and will fight until the end for the victory of the proletarian revolution. They are the C.N.T. and the P.O.U.M., with their respective youth groups." Until the end —*"hasta la fin."* That was the vague slogan that covered every "revolutionary" act of sabotage tending to lessen the chances of victory over the fascists in the grim and unequal war waged in October.

The Unified Socialist Youth, rid of the cancer of Trotskyism, had become one of the principal forces of the people's front. It did not halt, but turned at once to the task of uniting the Marxist and non-Marxist youth in one great democratic body. Just when it was able to announce the formation of a youth front including the Libertarian youth in Valencia, just when it had negotiated a national liaison committee with Anarcho-Syndicalist youth, just when it was putting its great prestige to work to obtain a meeting of the two great youth internationals, just that moment was chosen by the P.O.U.M. to introduce a new splitting device. They launched the Iberian

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Communist Youth, whose sole purpose was to confuse green peasant youth and draw them from the mainstream of unity under the influence of the name "Communist." The Trotskyites worked against every united-front organization. They even fought against the Red Aid, truly capable, truly humanitarian, truly nonsectarian, by establishing their own P.O.U.M. Red Aid. The very children felt their wrath; when the Pioneers of the Unified Youth had 20,000 children on their rolls, had evacuated 4000 and were maintaining twenty-five nurseries, the P.O.U.M. announced a P.O.U.M. Pioneers! Santiago Carrillo, proudly announcing unity of action with democratic and republican youth, with the Catholic youth of Euzkadi and Anarchist youth of Catalonia, was forced to add: "This union has been achieved despite the divisionist labor of the Trotskyites who carry out their work of agents of fascism all over the world."

As a collaborator in the Catalan Generality, the P.O.U.M. in no way altered its line of persistent and malicious campaigning against the Communist Party, the Comintern, and the Soviet Union. As a carry-over of their rage against Soviet leaders, the Trotskyites have come to hate the Russian people. Witness this passage of a letter from Victor Serge in Brussels, to the *Batalla,* the Barcelona organ of the P.O.U.M., as of October 3, 1936:

> Your daily . . . brings to me here the living voice of the Spanish revolution marching proudly erect, just when the Russian workers, worn out by twenty years of strain and sacrifice, in smothering isolation, drop back into a secondary position beneath the influence of bureaucratic thinking.

Yet the Spanish delegation that had just returned from the Soviet Union was carried away by the tremendous vigor of the millions they saw in meetings of solidarity with Spain!

One may wonder how the Trotskyites understand the aid of the U.S.S.R. to the people of Spain, and to the Republican government headed by a Socialist. Their weird interpretation was that the Russian workers are behind the Spanish militias, "ready for anything, even ready to shoot down from behind deserters, cowards, and the Social-Democrats who still run around the corridors of the League of Nations blocking or delaying the victory of our Red Army, of our revolution." This is the Trotskyist language of "Marxist unification."

The most damning aspect of the P.O.U.M.'s work from September to December is its absolute disloyalty to the Generality in which it participated, and to the collaborators with whom it shared responsibility. Participating in a people's front government pledged to support the national government, the P.O.U.M. devoted full time to undermining the prestige of both the Generality and the government. Here is a sample utterance of Minister of Justice Andres Nín at a public meeting: "The men of the popular front are responsible for the civil war in Spain. . . . The present government is not the government that will win the final victory. . . . The government that the people need is one in which the C.N.T. and the P.O.U.M. have a preponderance. . . . The future regime will come by arms, not from the ballot box." Aside from coinciding beautifully with fascist theses, these statements in October leave no doubt that the P.O.U.M. entered the Generality in completely bad faith.

The Unified Socialist Party of Catalonia finally became tired of treason in time of war and flatly demanded that the "revolutionary" nonsense end, beginning with the elimination of the P.O.U.M. from the Generality. Condemned for disloyalty, the P.O.U.M. resumed its old work of slandering the now powerful Communist Party and the unwavering ally of republican Spain, the Soviet Union. "We have been momentarily defeated," declared the *Batalla,* "not by the Unified Socialist Party nor by the General Workers' Union, but by a power behind them . . . that resorted to threats . . . taking advantage of our situation." This power, according to the *Batalla,* declared it would cut off supplies of munitions, if the P.O.U.M. were not ousted!

The Madrid daily, *Claridad,* not a Communist paper, pungently summed up this situation:

> No country in the world would permit what has been allowed in Spain. The campaign that the P.O.U.M. has carried on from press and tribune against men and institutions . . . entitled to our fullest respect, had to be brought to an end. The leaders of that party, in getting between the government of the Spanish republic and the government of the U.S.S.R. with their insolent rancor, worked for our enemies. . . . The fascist press of Germany and Italy has been outdone by the papers of the P.O.U.M.

THE events of May 3, when the P.O.U.M. staked its existence on a putsch against the people's front are now fairly well known and need but brief summary here. The putsch was made possible only because the insurrectionists had at their disposal guns and munitions which should have been on the Aragón front. At three o'clock in the afternoon, Commissar of Public Security Sallas led a police guard into the Telephone Exchange, which had been "occupied" the previous night by about fifty members of the P.O.U.M. and some anarchist "uncontrollables." The Telephone Exchange was of peculiar strategic importance. Instructions telephoned from the Council of Security to provincial governors on measures to be taken against perpetrators of sabotage had too often been intercepted by members of the P.O.U.M. No government could tolerate such a threat to its sovereignty and yet prosecute a war against fascism.

William Jacobs (Chicago Artists' Congress Print Series)

An anomalous situation had existed in Catalonia where the government, largely controlled by working-class organizations, had been unable to exercise control over such key positions as the Telephone Exchange, which were imperative for effective prosecution of the war.

When Commissar Sallas entered the Exchange, the insurrectionists were caught by surprise. They were ousted quietly. Sallas considered the episode closed and failed to take further precautions. It was not immediately realized that this was the signal for a well-organized, well-armed uprising, prepared in desperation as the P.O.U.M. moved farther and farther away from the masses in the people's front and the trade unions. The ousted P.O.U.M.'ists marched through the city and, by evening, they had swung into action on a large scale. They threw up barricades and used their batteries of "75" guns with vindictive vengeance. Before the uprising was quelled, hundreds of innocent and valuable workers had been killed and many more thousands wounded.

Public opinion quickly rallied against the Trotskyites who were forced to beat a hasty retreat. On May 6, the *Batalla* wrote:

> In view of the provocation of the counter-revolution, the working class has answered with a general strike and street-fighting. Our party has been on the side of the F.A.I. (Anarchists) and the C.N.T. (Syndicalists) all the time. The P.O.U.M. orders all its armed members to withdraw from the barricades, but to maintain a watchful attitude.

This quotation from the P.O.U.M. press establishes beyond any question the P.O.U.M.'s responsibility for the putsch. As a matter of fact, both the F.A.I. and the C.N.T. officially denounced the putsch and expelled all members of the Friends of Durruti who refused to censure the behavior of the P.O.U.M. When the P.O.U.M. alleges Anarchist assistance in the uprising, it refers to this puppet group, named after the great Anarchist leader, which was denounced and renounced by the real Anarchist and Syndicalist organizations. The "provocation" charged by the P.O.U.M. consisted of nothing more than the attempt to regain control of the Telephone Exchange!

"PRESCRIPTION" is, if certain feeble memories of brief law studies do not betray me, a right acquired simply by long and unchallenged exercise of a privilege. For instance, you cross another man's property along a given path for twenty years, and thereafter he cannot—where this rule applies—declare the path private and bar you from it.

In the eyes of the Largo Caballero cabinet, the Trotskyites had acquired a similar right to organize counter-revolution. Many Republicans and Socialists, whole-heartedly anti-fascist and devoted to the democratic revolution in Spain, had honestly regarded Trotskyism as an expression of a quarrel between two men in the far-off Soviet Union. The Trotskyites might be wrong or they might be right on any given point. The "Stalinists" or "official" Communists might likewise sometimes be right and sometimes wrong. The whole quarrel

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should never have been brought to Spain. But, on the whole, the Trotskyites, since their Spanish branch office counted few members, were harmless enough. The Communists made all the trouble. By "vicious" attacks on the P.O.U.M., they gave the latter a lot of free advertising and brought the quarrel between Stalin and Trotsky into Spanish politics where it didn't belong.

This seductive line of reasoning had drawn some people's-front organizations officially, and great sections of others unofficially, into defense of the P.O.U.M. even though it devoted all its energies to attacks on the people's front and the legitimate government. But when the P.O.U.M., in an absolutely consistent fashion, went into the streets in an attempt to overthrow the government by force, its former defenders were very embarrassed. There was nothing new in the P.O.U.M. line to justify an about-face of liberal opinion. On the other hand, they could not help but feel anger and indignation at the criminals who had attempted to attack the government in the rear and open the front to the hordes of Franco, Mussolini, and Hitler. The rising was very bad, and the Trotskyites shouldn't have called it, but. . . . One couldn't deny them the right to agitate for the things they "honestly" thought best for the workers, especially since, only yesterday, we defended their right so to agitate. We must denounce the rising without infringing on the established right of the Trotskyites to organize the counter-revolution!

John Heliker

"If Lewis isn't a Red, why was he invited to the Soviet Embassy? They didn't invite me."

THERE you have the psychological base of the curious theory offered by "conciliators" immediately after the fascist-Trotskyist rising in Catalonia that cost three thousand casualties in the regional capital alone. For many months the Trotskyites from press and platform had branded the government as counter-revolutionary. After the rising it continued to denounce the government as anti-proletarian. The *Batalla* boasted of its leading role in the "glorious" criminal rising. Tanks, armored cars, machine-guns, rifles, hand-grenades, millions of rounds of ammunition had been mustered for an attack on the government by the same Trotskyites and irresponsibles who deplored, day in and day out, the absence of arms on the Aragón front. When the rising had been quelled, these formidable arms remained in the hands of "leaders" avowedly hostile—like Franco—to the people's front government.

No wonder that there arose a nation-wide cry, a wave of resolutions and protests demanding the liquidation of the P.O.U.M. In reply to these demands, Minister of the Interior Galarza explained that the government could not send forces to end the counter-revolutionary attacks because it did not want to destroy the "unity" of the Spanish people. Angry representatives of all the political parties asked if the unity of the Spanish people was not the people's front, and, if so, why not preserve that unity by destroying all enemies of the people's front. When the best of our manhood is in the trenches defending the republic against the fascists, the avowed enemies of the people's front, how is it possible, they asked, to permit attacks in the rear, strange coincidences with the criteria of Franco, and Rome, and Goebbels.

Fortunately, a majority of Republicans and Socialists were ready to admit that Trotskyism was not a harmless if annoying "importation of a quarrel between two men in far-off Russia." In fact, they declared that if it were a quarrel between two men, the men were Stalin and Hitler. Trotsky had taken sides —with Hitler! These sectors of the people's front, breaking with the tradition of spineless "tolerance," declared that fascists in the rear guard must be treated to war correctives. The whole rear guard must be purged of fascists, Trotskyites, and uncontrollables. When the government refused to carry out the purge, they changed the government. The Negrin cabinet pledged itself to unflinching sternness in the maintenance of public order, and at the time of this writing, liquidation of the Trotskyites has begun. The *Batalla* has finally been shut down and most of the Trotskyist leaders, including Nín, have been arrested. Nín has been transferred from Barcelona and now awaits trial in Madrid on charges of high treason. Editor Gorkin, now in jail awaiting trial, regrets that he did not accompany other criminal fascist agents when they fled abroad after the failure of the Barcelona rising. The Trotskyist sun has set.

The theory of the P.O.U.M.'s prescriptive right to organize counter-revolution has fallen into disrepute. Formerly, the Trotskyites' ultra-revolutionary phrases permitted them to befuddle sections of the Anarcho-Syndicalist masses, while voicing vile slanders. For example, they were only doing their "revolutionary" duty when they told the Anarchists to bar the men of the International Brigades for fear that they would some day form a Communist army against the Anarchists! And they were the sole proletarian barricade to the counter-revolution when they joined the fascist radio station in asserting that the Catalan Generality had received orders from the Soviet Council! And what a deep-dyed red their flags with the hammer and sickle were when their speakers joined the Nazi press in denouncing the people's-front government! The Trotskyites carefully cultivated the Anarchists who were most susceptible to revolutionary flattery. They called their criminal rising in the name of the F.A.I. (Iberian Anarchist Federation) via a puppet group: the Friends of Durruti. But the reaction of Anarchist workers has been so violent against the fascist rising in Barcelona, that the C.N.T. and F.A.I. have been compelled to expel all members of the Friends of Durruti who refused publicly to censure that group's behavior.

Expelled from the U.G.T. and the political parties, renounced by the Anarchists, the Trotskyist leaders have lost their protective coloring and stand exposed as provocateurs and fascist agents. One by one they will face trial before the Spanish people. With each exposure of these kinsmen of the Gestapo, the true nature of Trotskyism will become clearer to well-meaning Anarchists and others. Then thousands of simple peasants will see the black flag of fascist piracy behind the red flag of the P.O.U.M. The confusion created by the Trotskyist provocateurs will turn to revolutionary order, and on the fronts of war and production will appear a new energy and cohesion that will at last overcome the combined forces of Franco, Hitler, Mussolini—and Trotsky.

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Under the Bright, Bright Moon

When deputies and vigilantes begin hounding migratory agricultural workers, stories like this can be written

By Charles Bradford

THE deputy said to the farmer, "Here's a bunch of men."

The farmer looked us over. He looked almost afraid to ask us anything. Finally he said, "You boys want a job?"

I said, "Sure." The other boys didn't say anything.

Then I said, "What kind of a job?"

"Picking apricots."

He talked in a low voice. He must have been afraid somebody would really hear him.

"How much?" I said.

"Fifteen cents an hour," he said.

"No, thanks," I said.

"My fruit's falling off the trees," said the farmer to the deputy.

"What's the matter with you stiffs?" said the deputy. He was a short husky and he carried a gun and he had a big steel ring on the middle finger of each hand.

We didn't say anything.

He got red in the face. He yelled at us: "What's the goddamhell a-matter with you bastards!"

The farmer took a step backwards behind the deputy.

The deputy went on: "This man's fruit is rotting on the ground while you guys hang around in front of the pool hall here." Then he said in a quieter tone, "Now how about it, boys—how many of you want a job?"

Nobody said anything. One of the boys spit into the gutter.

I said, "We work for forty cents an hour, mister. We don't work for fifteen."

The farmer said, "Never mind, Jim. Let it go."

The deputy hunched his shoulders. "How about it now! How many wants a job?"

Nobody said anything.

"You don't want a job? Is that it? You won't pick this man's fruit? Is that it?" He looked at all of us, me last. He yelled at me: "Do you want a job? Speak up!"

I couldn't help it. I just laughed.

It was the wrong thing. He seemed to blow right up and before I could duck or anything, he jumped and I felt his fist ram into my face, like the butt end of a two-by-six, and it made me all numb, but it didn't seem to hurt, not right then. I fell down into the gutter and I saw him draw his foot back and I rolled, trying to get away from his boot, but he caught me in the side and it seemed like a knife went through my ribs.

He was standing over me yelling: *"Get out! Get out! Get out!"*

The farmer had run back to his car and got out a shotgun and stood pointing it at me.

The deputy hauled his foot back again and I was so numb that I couldn't get away from him. He let me have it again and I heard a woman saying over and over again, "Oh, don't! Oh, don't! Oh, don't!"

The deputy stood back then, and I got up. He wanted to kill—it stuck out all over him. I turned and walked down the street out of town and I couldn't walk straight—he'd doubled me up all right and there was blood running from my face where his ring had cut.

John Heliker

THE KID with white pants on in the service station said, "My! What happened to you?"

"A man hit me."

"Well, say, he sure did hit you."

"I want to wash," I said.

"Well, say," he said, "what did he want to hit you like that for?"

"It was over a woman," I said. My lips felt big and hard, like rubber.

He turned on the hose for me and I put my face in the water. The running water hurt my face.

"My goodness!" he said. "Say, if a man hit me that way, I'd knock the hell out of him."

"He was a boxer. He stayed eight rounds with Little Billy Fiske once," I said.

"That's all right. I was champ of the Perris Y. I can box pretty good."

"He kicked me, too," I said.

"A man should fight fair," he said. "If a man would kick me, I'd kill him."

"Maybe," I said.

He gave me a paper towel to dry on. Then he said, "Where did it all happen?"

"Down there in the river bottom," I said. "He and I cooked up a mulligan and this woman came along. She was beautiful. And she was sweet and she wanted me to be her lover. She was the prettiest thing I ever saw, but this guy just ran me off—that's all."

"Is she down there now? What do you suppose he'll do to her?"

"Well," I said, "maybe he'll throw her into the river. I don't know."

"Maybe we'd better go back down there and help her. I'd like to take a good sock at him."

"No," I said. "She won't need any help."

"I think you ought to show me where they are," he said.

"No," I said. "Let it go."

"Maybe we ought to go. Maybe he might hurt her."

"No," I said. "He'd probably hurt you bad."

"Oh, no! I'd show him a thing or two. I wouldn't let him get at you again."

"No," I said.

I started out then, out onto the hot highway and he stood there in the service station in his white pants watching me go. I think he was interested in the woman more than anything else.

I walked about half a mile and then I stood by a railroad overpass with my hand up and pretty soon a man and a woman stopped. I ran to catch up with them and the woman turned to the man and said something. He put the car in gear and they tore out, the woman still looking back at my bloody face.

When they started up, I stopped running and they went out of sight down the highway.

I said, "Son of a bitch!" That's all I said.

No more cars even slowed down and when I got almost to Winchester it was near sundown and the heat was pretty well gone and the night cool was coming. I took a dirt road that ran to the south off the highway. There were weeds in the road. It was an old road with no automobile tracks for a long time. I walked down this road and the sun got lower and lower and I could look right at it and it didn't even make me bat my eyes. It was all red.

After a mile, I came to a little old house under a big tree, standing all alone in the valley. One side of it was all open and the boards were on the ground just like they were when they fell off, and the roof sagged way down in the middle.

The first thing I saw was a big snake right in front of the door and when he heard me, he coiled quick, like a flash, and started rattling and backing into the house. I just took a rock and let him have it and he stopped his rattling and tried to get away as fast as he could but his back was broken and he could move only half his body. I finished him with another rock and threw him into the tree and he hung there, coiling around even though he was dead.

The sun went down.

I sat on the steps and smoked a cigarette and wished like hell I'd stayed on the main drag because I was hungry. But what about the deputies?

When it got all dark there was the moon

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just showing over the San Jacinto mountains, showing just a little in the dark of the evening, coming up slow.

The wind didn't get cold and that big moon came up, making things all bright, just like day and then I liked it. It was a fine summer night.

After a while, I went to sleep in the shade of the house and before I went to sleep, I saw that bright, bright moonlight all over the world and it was fine.

A CAR coming down that old road woke me up. I didn't move. I was in the shade of the house out of the moonlight and nobody could see me. I just waited.

It wasn't one car. It was three cars. They came bumping down that old road and turned their lights on the tree and stopped. Then a bunch of men piled out, some of them carrying rifles and shotguns and they had masks on their faces. They hauled something out of the first car.

It was a man.

He had only pants on and his body was covered with tar, even his face, and his eyes looked like holes in the black tar. He didn't struggle. They had his hands and his feet tied. They dragged him over the ground to the tree and one of the men slapped a noose around his neck and another man threw the rope up and over the big limb where the snake was hanging.

"Cut him loose so he can kick!" somebody said.

"Cut him loose!" said somebody else.

A man stepped up and cut him loose and he fell down on the ground.

"Get up!" said somebody.

"Kick the bastard!"

"Make a steer out of him!"

"That is what we do to outsiders who come in and start trouble in our valley. Let 'em learn to leave us alone!"

"That's right!"

"Don't you think hanging is too good?"

"It'll do."

"Want to say something—bastard?"

"Don't hang me," said the man.

Everybody laughed.

"Don't hang him," somebody yelled, then they all laughed again.

"Don't hang me," said the man. "Don't hang me."

"Beg, you dirty c——!"

"Where's the flag—make him kiss the flag!"

One of the men got out a little flag. They held it up to his face as he lay flat on the ground.

Another man kicked his head from behind and made his face bump into the flag.

"He kissed it!"

Somebody yelled like an Indian. They seemed to be all crazy men.

"Up with him!"

"Don't hang me," said the man.

"*Gimme* that rope!"

Six of them got on the rope and they swung him up. They swung him high.

He screamed once as he went up, screaming with his face to the moon and when he screamed his mouth stayed open as if he was screaming forever—at the moon.

He jerked and jerked and turned and turned on the rope, jerking all the time. A man stepped up and pulled his pants down and he hung jerking in the moonlight, naked, and half his body was black from the coat of tar.

He jerked and jerked and the snake fell out of the trees.

He jerked and jerked and his head was way over on his shoulder from the big knot and his eyes were open and his mouth was open.

He was dead.

A woman laughed. She had stayed in one of the cars.

A man picked up the snake on a stick and threw it at the body. The dead snake wrapped around the body, then fell back to the ground. The woman laughed again—a funny laugh, like a crazy woman.

Nobody said any more. They all stood for a minute, quiet. Then one said in a low voice, "Let's get going, boys."

They got in their cars and were gone.

Well—I untied the rope and let him down.

He was dead all right.

He was a little man, too, and I knew him some. But he was dead now.

I looked up at the moon and I said, "Goddamn you God,"—that was all I said.

I set him up against the tree, like a man would sit if he was alive, then I got out of there.

When I got out of sight of that old house, I ran. I ran and ran and finally I came to Winchester. I stopped at the first hamburger joint I came to and bought some coffee.

The kid waiter looked at me and said, "Jesus, who hit you?"

"Never mind," I said.

"Well, he sure hit you," said the waiter.

I didn't say anything.

"Cream in the coffee?"

"No," I said.

SEEING AMERICA FIRST

XIV—Lynch Posse

Herb Kruckman

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Sir; though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town, yet there's one state
In all ill things so excellently best,
That hate towards them, breeds pity toward the rest.

—DONNE.

EVENING brings me to the Square.
I arrive with the arrival of the Salvation Army band.
A brassy piety crashes on the corner where
A Nedick salesman hates his orange stand.
Will it rain? I count my money,
Extract a cigarette, and pause, alert
To the motorcycle cop skidding between two cars,
The crippled beggar and the grating as it lifts a skirt.
There is the eternal fire sale, and there, eternal too, the stars,
And there, the pickup outside Loft's.
I pretend an interest in a cardsharp's tricks.
I loaf before the health exhibit. I gape. I frown.
What shall I do tonight now that I am downtown?
That girl encountered at the models' dance,
She left her number, somewheres here,
She had a small apartment of her own,
She gave me, somewheres here, her telephone.
I toss my butt. It smolders out upon the stone.
But there are others entering the Tango Gardens,
And as the cornets cry, I am aware
Of blondes whose eyes alternately smile and harden
Exciting sleek Italian boys with stacombed hair.
Pimps prosper under the paper chinese lanterns.
I hear the black musicians laugh below.
I hear the hee-haw on the big trombone
And then the fare-thee-well upon the piccolo.
The sweating band invokes a hot and hired bed.
The deal is made across the hostess's lemonade.
But still these Valentinos, avid of a maidenhead,
Are careful of the Garbos that they kiss,
Scholars of walls that warn of syphilis.

Spit, butt-ends, food, and phlegm
Mingle in the sawdust on the tile floor
Of the Academy Lunch, open all night.
The patrons at the tile tables have faces
Tubercular in the diseased light.
Odors of fried horrors escape through the revolving door.
One says, now if I had the cash,
And a laugh splinters in the choked air.
The rouged, fat, middle-aged tart with the dyed hair
Giggles grossly as they pinch her rump.
Business is brisk. The mustard's free. But in the rear
A sudden fight disturbs the drowsing boss.
Apologies, a mistake, the house donates the beer,
Sign: We are not responsible for personal loss.

John Hellker

Union Square

★ ★ ★

They introduce each other, pick up the chairs,
What will you have? A rickey? Make mine the same.
She lets him (under the table) return his hand.
And then they grabbed him as the vomit came.

Waiting for the street light change
The spectacled æsthete is seized with anger.
A sedan splashes as it cuts the curb.
He, engrossed in a belated reply,
The reply that was not given at the open forum,
Imagines himself witty, devastating, sly,
But keeping still a lecturer's precise decorum.
The Luchow doorman hails a waiting cab.
Outside the Automat the hot debate rages
As usual. He maintains, despite the contradiction,
The fact that fact is hardly separate from fiction
But when the fiction is acted like a fact
Then in fact in act is no more fiction.
How would suicide be with a cut-rate razor?
Brooding by himself over a plate of beans,
Still hoped for, that *Scribner's* check has not arrived.
Tomorrow perhaps in the morning mail.
But if I have the talent how can I fail?
Mr. J. advises solemnly the slick class magazines.
They don't want life, my boy, life is too real,
They want the reassurance of their worth and pride
And you, you operate on agonies which they conceal.

$150 from the pulps. $300 serial rights.
Then it was bought for the screen.
Success. He went south all winter. He was fixed for life.
We all must make our readjustment to the world,
We all must compromise, he said.
I answered with an apt quotation from the dead,
Then fingered in my pocket that second-hand knife.

Red. Green. Red. Green. Red. Green.
What have I said? What have I done? What have I seen?
O buy me that car! O let me live!
But that, sugar, costs money.
I'm sorry, we don't extend credit. Take the side door out.
Isn't that chemise cheap, isn't that coat a bargain,
My birthday's next week, what will you give?
Red. Green. Red. Green. Red. Green.
If I had a few bucks. If I could get a break.
If I married a rich man. If I had a limousine.
Shut up. You rat! Honey . . .
After the desk clerk okayed the name,
After they watched the elevator boy's descending grin,
There was a moment of doubt, a moment of shame,
Almost, he noted in surprise, a sense of sin.
But voices down the hall: I'd do anything for money!
He shrugged, and turned the key, and let them in.
And I had a glimpse of her face, and thinking
That soft Italian glance was meant for me, I waited.
But when I looked again she had vanished in the crowd
While I had thought and while I hesitated.

So turn from the too insistent drums. Night is ended.
Walk where a dope fiend hugs an evil door;
That whore also ages and is unbefriended;
Dream of a girl unlike all girls before.
Imagine the argument won and the successful refutation,
Assume as the tower clock guides you the way you came
The pimp has acquired an honest man's reputation,
The hostess is covered with flowers, asleep in a marriage bed,
The tart has become an innocent girl again.
Thrift has departed and taken the Union Gas,
Doctor and druggist ask nothing in payment but smiles,
They have padlocked the Automat, planted the Square with grass,
And the homegoing local is off for the South Sea isles.

ALFRED HAYES.

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THREE LETTERS

BY GORRY, I must be getting older, for when I check back, the calendar seems to indicate that some seventeen years have passed since I first became one of the MASSES editors. This is a long time for a restless person to have stuck to one job. What is more, I believe as strongly as I did when a cub that this magazine, good or bad, is almost as important to the welfare of America as the yearly wheat crop.

It has always told the truth. And it has never been stampeded off the main road of march toward world socialism. As I grow older, I find that I admire steadiness more than brilliance. I have seen too many "brilliant" American intellectuals losing their heads every time a fire-bell sounded. They did it during the World War; they did it through the boom; they are doing it, many of them, today.

During seventeen years, however, the MASSES has managed to keep its chin up and its mind working pretty clearly. This is because it has been the only magazine talking to the middle-class that also maintained strong roots in Marxism and the working-class.

Today we are on the verge of a new world war. And middle-class people who discovered Marx a year or two ago are again in panic. Confusion and slander are at large among them. More than ever, a steady, sane, and truthful magazine like the NEW MASSES is needed as a center of light.

No, its job isn't finished; and probably won't be for years to come. But the NEW MASSES is in a bad financial jam. This isn't surprising to me because for seventeen years the magazine has always been bankrupt. Such magazines never find guardian angels with fat check-books to nourish them. (In my experience, nearly all the angels are a very mild pink in color, with delicate attitudes towards the earthly truth.)

In every crisis, a radical magazine or newspaper has to be saved by its readers. This is as it should be; the democratic way, the miracle no bookkeeper ever understands. The old and new MASSES, operating without angels or big advertisers, were saved on quite a few occasions by their readers.

I am certain it will happen again. It must happen. Never, I repeat, were there so many agents of panic abroad, so many rumor-merchants, glib theorists of disunity, saboteurs, and sowers of hate, treason, and fear. Some of them have taken the mask of Trotskyism; others even profess to be Marxists. For people newly-awakened to the social realities such elements can be as bad as a dose of poison taken by mistake.

The NEW MASSES is an antidote to this poison of the moment. During two decades of strife, the magazine has been a flag that has never been lowered or stained with dishonor.

Keep this old flag flying in the storms that are upon us! Lift it high, don't let it fall now! Up with the NEW MASSES and to hell with fascism and all its strange allies! Believe it or not, Mr. Ripley, the NEW MASSES will live! Its friends and readers will see that it lives!

MICHAEL GOLD.

I HAVE just seen your last issue's appeal for funds. Herewith my small check for the good cause. I wish I could make it larger, but I simply cannot afford to at present. I hope the NEW MASSES weathers this storm, as it has others. It seems a shame that it can't reach the haven, so needed and so deserved, of a permanent endowment. Fraternally always,

WALDO FRANK.

IF I COULD subscribe to only one periodical, it would be the NEW MASSES. If I had only four dollars and fifty cents a year to spend, it would go to the NEW MASSES. If I were cast away on a desert island and were allowed by God one book a year, it would be the year's NEW MASSES. This is because I read and want to read not what is alien to myself and to the day in which I live, but what today approximates the voice of the living world and what is nearest to my own best thoughts. I want the day's thought clarified. I want the occasional outpourings of the world's best minds and hearts. I want clear reasoning on the basis of heartfelt values. The NEW MASSES gives me all of this.

For the sake of me and those like me, for the sake of those with but a fraction of four dollars and fifty cents a year for literature, for the sake of those on desert islands whom God loves, keep the NEW MASSES alive. Subscribe! Contribute!

ROCKWELL KENT.

AND A WORD FROM US

WE have shown you the above letters because we have said just about as much as we can say. Our need is still great and still unfulfilled. Since last week the total funds received in our $10,000 drive climbed slowly to the $5200 mark. For six weeks we have been in a state of genuine emergency, and it continues unabated. For six weeks a comparatively small group of friends of the NEW MASSES have been responding generously, and to them goes the credit of pushing our drive past the half-way mark. But for six weeks the large majority of our readers have not responded. If only a small fraction of our readership would respond *at once* with two-dollar and dollar contributions, the emergency would be over. Two dollars, or, failing that, a dollar—the price of a very modest day at the beach or of a couple of tickets to the movies and a couple of ice-cream sodas! Can't *you* afford to make that small sacrifice to assure the continued publication of a magazine that is in the forefront of a historic fight for freedom and progress for the American people? *Can't* you? Most of you can, but haven't recognized clearly *now* that it is both worth-while and necessary for you to do it. If every one of you who can would sit down and mail us a check, money order, or cash *right now*, our emergency would be over. Please! *Now!*

THE EDITORS.

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READERS' FORUM

That question about the traditions of the Confederate South—Ambulance work in Spain

"Why not a Jeff Davis Battalion in Spain?" asks ward Callahan (NEW MASSES, July 6). When the st American battalion in Spain took the name of braham Lincoln, it acted with the deepest his- ical justification. In 1861, the slavocracy, swept om its accustomed dominance in national affairs the concerted action of all progressive groups and asses, trained its guns upon the Union and in- gurated armed counter-revolution. Lincoln was e chosen leader of that alliance of forces which ved democracy for America.

Jefferson Davis was, on the contrary, the leader the counter-revolutionary class, the slave-owners. this view is "old-line sectarianism," then Karl arx was without doubt a hopeless sectarian, for was he who first called secession by its proper ime of counter-revolution.

Today the southern ruling class tries to hallow e memory of the Confederacy. In this, it acts with liberate intent; it sanctifies the old oppression, to stify the new. Shall we assist our oppressors by noring their counter-revolutionary past? Shall we k the southern fighters for Spanish democracy— ere are many of them in Spain, and there will on be more—to enlist under the banner of that ch anti-democrat, Jefferson Davis?

Mr. Callahan assumes a unanimity of pro-Con- derate sentiment among the southern masses in 61; the assumption is far from justified. He men- ons especially "the lean white men from the hungry ountains" as "the rank-and-file" of the Confederate my. Mr. Callahan had better look to his history. he thinks he can persuade men from the southern ghlands to join a battalion which bears the name Jefferson Davis, he doesn't know his moun- neers! Throughout the Civil War, pro-Union sen- ment was overwhelming in all mountain territories. he mountain-dwellers wrested western Virginia om the Confederacy, and created the new state of Vest Virginia. The East Tennessee hill people, spite a fierce Confederate reign of terror, called pro-Union convention. In the highlands of every uthern state, men defied the draft, and peppered onfederate draft officers with shot; "it's a rich an's war," they said, "and a poor man's fight."

Although pro-Union sentiment was less strong in e lowlands, there, too, the more militant defied e slavery government; often they escaped to the orth and joined the Union army. Anti-war so- eties sprang up throughout the South as secret or- nizations. Secession was brought about by terror id intrigue, against the people's will; it was, as Marx wrote to Engels, "all usurpation."

As for the "faithful black teamsters" who, ac- rding to Mr. Callahan, gave enthusiastic support the Confederacy—here we have a bit of old and ery tenacious chauvinism. Many a slave was rced to assist the Confederates; but countless num- rs ran away to the Union lines, and with the ad- ance of the Federal forces the desertion of slaves ecame a mass movement. The First South Carolina olunteers, recruited from the Sea Islands, was nly one of the many Union regiments composed of ewly-liberated black men.

This is the heritage of which southern Com- unists can be proud. A Jefferson Davis Battalion? evolutionists do not draw their inspiration from ounter-revolutionists, nor do fighters for democracy ill up the names of enemies of the people.

ELIZABETH LAWSON.

Another Reaction

May I, as a native southerner, comment on dward Callahan's plea for a Jeff Davis Battalion Robert E. Lee Brigade in Spain?

It's hard to believe that any southerner who ants to support loyalist Spain can draw inspiration om the memory of feudal, fascist-minded land- owners who directed a war to perpetuate slavery. True, there were "lean white men" and "faithful black teamsters" in Lee's army. There were, also, an unestimated number of real rebels in the South who refused to fight in the Confederate ranks. For example, Winn Parish, La., seceded from the Con- federacy. The older generation of southern bour- bons still speak of these "renegades" with intense bitterness; and they are not particularly grateful to the rank-and-file who did fight.

Did any of our ancestors really think that the Civil War "might somehow free us from the idiocy of the pre-bellum South"? Should we, therefore, send a Pershing Brigade to Spain because our rank- and-file in the World War was deluded into the belief that they were fighting for democracy?

The South has its revolutionary traditions. But Lee and Davis are as out of place in those traditions as mint juleps and camellias would be in *Tobacco Road.*

If Mr. Callahan must name a brigade in Spain after some southern gentleman, why not Thomas Jefferson?

FRANCES OLIVIER.

And Still Another

● Mr. Callahan, it seems to me, barters revolu- tionary logic for a chocolate bar of sentiment and a licorice-stick of local chauvinism. The Lees and Davises and Jacksons of the world may be a fine lot, whether in courage, in ability, in loyalties, etc., but to the progressive-minded one thing stands out above all else—and that is, did these men fight for a greater or lesser democracy for the majority of the people of the world? It matters not if a man is lovable personally, or whether he comes from our own town or family; what counts is what this man has contributed to the long struggle for freedom made by men whose minds and bodies have been and are tied by needless oppression. A Jeff Davis Battalion fighting reaction on Spanish soil would certainly make a strange picture. The patron saint of southern slavery called upon to in- spire battle against Spanish feudalism!

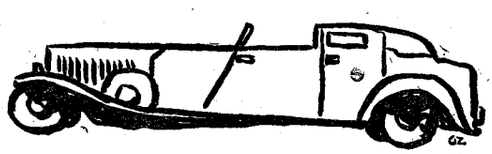
G. WILFER.

From an Ambulance Driver

● I'm on the southern Spanish front near Poyo- blanco, and we're practically living in the ambu- lances.

This orchard which covers a large field is criss- crossed with trenches and full of bullets, shells, and unexploded bombs—and the dead. Everywhere we go we find the dead—hastily buried where they fell. Yesterday we reburied five who were half exposed. One of them was an American. This field a week ago was the scene of a battle, and as I lie here in my ambulance writing this to you, I look out at the trees cut to pieces by the shells and at the shell- holes which, truth to tell, are not very big. I can almost see men running for their lives from tree to tree and our men following. Yesterday I picked up a clip of Italian cartridges—dum-dums—and I am saving one for you. We all have been given pistols and we practice daily.

It's queer how I'm changing. I've lost weight, I'm quieter, and I eat a lot less. Incidentally I see that the *Daily Worker* (April 9 issue) has started a drive for candy, cigarettes, etc., for the battalion. Well, it's about time. The English and French get a great deal more support than we do—I have one pack of Chesterfields which I'm saving for the day when France stops coming through. That's how rare they are! I think that a pack of Chesterfields, a few sticks of chewing gum, some candy, and some warm socks per man would do more to win this war quickly than all the talk put together. Which is ex- aggerated of course—but still we certainly need them. And free. None of us has any money left at all. None of us meaning practically every bat- talioneer in Spain.



George Zaetz

The weather has been miserable. We're up in the mountains and it rains practically every day. Our food is wet—and since the sanitary arrangements are the same as when you go camping, it's not so hot. Somehow you get through very quickly when it's raining cats and dogs.

Which should not give you the idea that I'm not happy. I most certainly am, and I'm genuinely glad that I'm working here. I've seen some pretty mar- velous things here — most of which I can't write about yet—but not the least marvelous is the kind of people you find here. They come from all over the world to fight.

What we crave here most besides cigarettes, candy, crackers, etc., is reading material. Send us every- thing you have. Buy the *Communist International* and the *Communist* and *Inprecorr* for me. Let all the friends pay for it. Do you know that each *Daily Worker* we get here is read by over two hundred people? Sometimes three times that number. Get them to me via the mail, but well wrapped and plainly addressed.

How is Central Park? It's a long way from here! Perhaps things will be different when I get back—if I do. That American boy I buried this morning is on my mind. He had half written a let- ter home. "Help carry the fight forward," he said, "and when I come back, I too will take up the fight again."

Tomorrow we move up to a more or less perma- nent field hospital at the front. I shall be picking up the wounded at the trenches and bringing them back to the field hospital. I've been to the front both at Jarama, near Madrid, and here on the Cordoba front. But I have also been doing relay work, pick- ing up the wounded at the field hospital and taking them to the base. It's been dangerous work—but comparatively less so than at the front. Now I shall be up at the front line, and I'm proud of the assign- ment because of my ability to maneuver my ambu- lance. You see, there are no roads. You dash across goat trails—from tree to tree—and you've got to go fast and avoid the holes for the sake of the wounded. They give them a shot of dope, but it isn't enough to prevent serious damage from bumping if the wound is bad.

Possibly I am not making myself clear—since really, in a sense, all this work has been front-line work. Roughly then, this is how the system works. A man gets wounded in the front line. He is car- ried back along the connecting trench to the emer- gency dressing station. There a doctor examines him. If the wound is light, it is dressed, and he returns to the trench. If it is more serious, I pick him up and rush him to a field hospital a couple of kilometers behind the lines. There all operations are per- formed, and the patient is *immediately* evacuated to the base hopsital. There he is treated until he is ready for convalescence—when he goes to a con- valescence hospital and then back to the trenches. I have done some emergency dressing-station work, but mostly my work has been from the base hospital or the field hospital.

I'm not writing very much about what I see. I'm keeping a diary though—and maybe some day I'll tell you all of these things—crazy—ugly—and yet inspiring—that are happening to all of us here.

V. H.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

The mind and face of German fascism—Labor and western Europe—Radio and electricity

FOR a student new to the study of fascism, two current works plus Hitler's *My Battle* and a basic political text like Dutt's *Fascism and Social Revolution* would provide an excellent introduction. The Führer's book, written "for the instruction and guidance of those already committed to his movement," can be made the text of doctrine for which Professor Brady's study [1] and Mr. Ashton's work [2] provide the exegesis. To be sure, the version of *My Battle* available in English is a discreetly abridged text, and dull and tough reading even in its shorter form, but it contains the basic precepts of the Nazi movement as stated by its leader.

Mr. Ashton's treatment of the movement for which *My Battle* is the bible is a purely subjective one. Since he believes that political thought and beliefs are "entirely a question of irrational personal preference," and that even the physical sciences have only a subjective standard of truth, Ashton never attempts to study any data or facts which may be pertinent to an objective analysis of fascism. Thus collectivism is the political and social form which may provide the framework for either a socialist or capitalist society, the distinction between these being the insignificant factor of property relationships. And fascism is a fusion of the important elements of socialism and capitalism brought about not by an objective situation prevailing in a country, but by the innate spiritual character of a people.

Out of irrational personal preference Mr. Ashton is an anti-fascist, and he endeavors to persuade us to dislike fascism by presenting its ideological system as a logical and rigorous structure. In order, however, not to seem biased, he excludes as inessential to its structure those characteristics which the working class has come to know as fascist: brutality, lower standards of living, and war mongering. And he explains what to him is the unnecessary and gratuitous fascist attack upon communism in this fashion: fascists persecute the Communists and communism because fascism and communism "spring from the same collectivist stem" and "the two points which keep them apart—the fascists' choice of a national instead of a class basis, and their refusal to have the state, on principle, take care of the productive needs itself—constitute a feeble barrier indeed." And since the fascists want to retain power, they fear lest the people realize how feeble the barriers are, and turn Communist! And here we have the one value the book possesses. For it reveals clearly the line of reasoning of genuine liberals who say that communism and fascism are the same, and by their statement provide propaganda weapons for the fascists.

But if Mr. Ashton's subjective approach can yield no clear analysis of the purpose and reason of fascism, Professor Grady, on the basis of objective data, presents us with a lucid statement of the rationale of fascism. Analyzing German fascism as the "fascism . . . of business enterprise organized on a monopoly basis, and in full command of all the military, police, legal, and propaganda power of the state," the book proceeds to demonstrate in detail just how every institution and social agency in Germany has been harnessed to fulfill the purposes of monopoly capitalism.

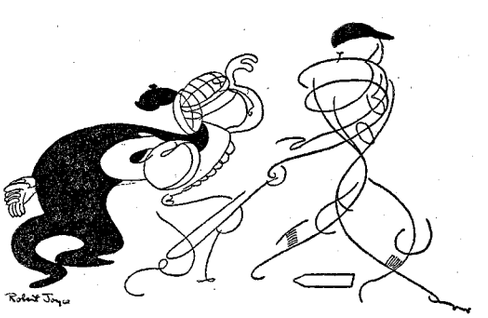
The Structure and Spirit of German Fascism is divided into two parts of about equal length. The first, called "The Coördination of Spirit," takes us through the mechanics which the Nazis have devised for the control and shaping of the spirit of the German people. Here the sciences, arts, and education are presented to us as the organized tools of the dictatorship of monopoly capitalism, and their operation in this role is carefully described. Then the more elaborate techniques and doctrines of spiritual regimentation as applied to the youth, the worker, and the mother and child are detailed, and their functional relationship to the fundamental purposes of the Nazi dictatorship made clear.

In part two, "The Coördination of Structures," the actual organizational set-up of agriculture, economics, and business are presented in such a fashion as to prove the author's definition of fascism as "the dictatorship of monopoly capitalism." In answer to those who present fascism as a revolt of the middle class, or as the unaccountable rule of a group of madmen, or as a movement which was originally supported by big business against whom it has since turned, Professor Brady shows clearly that now as never before the big businessmen of the country are their own masters, and even more, the masters of the entire German economy.

Summarizing the argument of the book and carrying it further in the last chapter, "The Looming Shadow of Fascism Over the World," Professor Brady warns us that fascism is a phenomenon from which no country having businessmen is immune. For the very structure of a business enterprise is undemocratic in precisely the same way as fascism is undemocratic; and in fact each business provides a miniature of fascist coördination. Not a miniature, however, but the actual skeleton of a potential fascist economic organization is ready to hand right now in every capitalist country in the forms of chambers of commerce, trade associations, and other businessmen's organizations. And to buttress his thesis, Professor Brady lists a series of fascist doctrines and attaches long quotations from American businessmen's literature which present the arguments for the doctrines. Thus we find that arguing for the doctrine of unity (of capital and labor) are the National Association of Manufacturers, Dr. Buchman of the Oxford Group, and a writer for the Goodyear Rubber Co. factory paper. And the predisposition to fascism of American business leaders can be substantiated by the actions and speeches of this group during the recent and present struggles of the C.I.O. The New York *Times* recently, side by side with a report of the steel strike, ran a story without a dateline in which the peace and harmony between capital and labor in fascist Italy were described. No incident which might be called "news fit to print" was reported in the course of the account.

This reviewer hesitates to criticize adversely Professor Brady's excellent study, but it does seem regrettable that in the long analysis of the N.R.A., for instance, there was no treatment in political terms at all of this conglomerate plan. However, Mr. Laski's statement that there is no book of comparable value as "a survey of the mechanisms through which the purpose of Herr Hitler's dictatorship is fulfilled," will certainly be concurred with by every reader. In England the Left Book Club has already shown its agreement by choosing the book for its members.

WILLIAM DEAN.



Robert Joyce

[1] THE SPIRIT AND STRUCTURE OF GERMAN FASCISM, *by Robert A. Brady; foreword by Harold J. Laski. Viking Press.* $3.

[2] THE FASCIST: HIS STATE AND HIS MIND, *by E. B. Ashton. William Morrow.* $2.50.

European Workers

LABOR CONDITIONS IN WESTERN EUROPE, *by J. Kucynski. International Publishers.* $1.50.

THIS book is written for the specialist in what Lancelot Hogben so aptly calls the "mathematics of human welfare," namely statistics. It should without question be on the "must" list of anyone who calls himself a statistician, economist, or social historian.

The book is divided into two sections. The first and most extensive is a pioneer effort in the determination of a comprehensive method of measuring labor conditions over a long period. After a review of the accepted method, i.e., the measuring of real wages as an indica-

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tion of labor conditions, Kucynski proceeds to develop his own method based on the Marxist statistical approach. It is his contention that real wages alone give only a partial picture and that, if wage statisticians are to put "a little more reality into their statistics," they must take other factors into account as well, i.e., unemployment, time lost as a result of sickness or accident, part-time idleness, etc. But these are most difficult to find either in private or governmental sources.

The last section of the book is devoted to a working out of the author's method. It takes the form of a rather complete, though not quite as comprehensive as might be wished for, survey of the trend of wages in England, France, and Germany from 1820 to 1935. Kucynski assembles data on the cost of living for these years and the unemployment figures for the last fifty years, thus complementing or rather amplifying the available real wages data.

The importance of Kucynski's study is twofold. First, it serves to correct a spurious but commonly held notion of wages. Despite the excellence of the work already done in restricted aspects of the subject—notably by Professor Paul Douglas in real wages, and various governmental agencies in the cost of living—the material for the most part is spotty and unrelated. Thus, several pictures of wage conditions can be, and often are, arrived at by utilizing one set of figures and ignoring another.

Apart from its importance as a contribution to the methodology of wage statistics, Kucynski's study has importance in another and more general way. In the later section of the book he presents abundant evidence of the Marxist contention that the rate of exploitation tends to accelerate with the concentration of finance capital. Thus, we find wages, i.e., wages which take into account all factors, moving steadily downward and an ever widening disparity between the satisfied and desired needs of the bulk of the working population. It serves to show, Henry Ford to the contrary, the reality of the "two nations."

C. D. MANCHESTER.

Ethereal Weapon

NOT TO BE BROADCAST, *by Ruth Brindze. The Vanguard Press.* $2.50.

WITH more than 22,500,000 American homes addicted to radio programs through the ownership of receiving sets, not to mention some three million American automobiles and other conveyances so equipped, radio is a potent medium of propaganda, entertainment, education, and information. As a weapon in politics, the radio clinched its supremacy in the last presidential campaign in the service of the reactionary as well as the progressive forces, superseding such time-honored media of indoctrination as the press, movies, church, schools. High time for evaluating, between book covers, this major influence in our lives.

Within Miss Brindze's narrow sphere of

Scott Johnston

operations, a readable and informative job has been done. It is a service to the reader to disclose the powers behind the broadcasting scenes, the bankers pulling the strings, the menace of such programs as those of the *Crusaders,* political meddling, and censorship of the news over the air. The author's treatment, however, leaves a yawning niche for a genuine exposé, on the basis of already unearthed incriminating materials, of what former Senator Reed of Missouri described as "the latest piratical development, commonly known as the 'radio trust.'" To be sure, there is evident an undertone of mild indignation of the "consumer" species, in the manner of ye olde muck-raking Don Quixotes on the march against the utilities interests. But the most vicious sores on the body of American broadcasting remain cloaked. The chapter on children's programs—to mention but one instance of incomplete treatment—is woefully lacking in the positive, dynamic approach evinced in the last few years even by those conservative educators and psychologists who are honestly concerned with child welfare.

The subject of radio education, particularly adult education, has for some time constituted a most vigorously contested sector of the radio battlefront, but one would never guess it from reading *Not to Be Broadcast.* And what of anti-Negro discrimination and the struggle to win equality for the oppressed race, which find reflection on the ether waves, but not in this book? And the war-mongering campaigns systematically carried on, and the class struggle's ramifications over the kilocycles? And, of course, there is the inevitable aspect expressed in the title of the last chapter, "Solutions?" Here, aside from a number of generalities, the attitude is a passive one, the most vital observation being that "it would appear that what we need is not less competition but more."

LUCIEN ZACHAROFF.

The Vital Spark

ELECTRICITY: FOR USE OR FOR PROFIT? *by Bernard Ostrolenk. Harper & Bros.* $2.

I LIVE on a farm in Virginia. I use a kerosene stove and a kerosene refrigerator. Until I installed my single-cylinder gasoline engine and generator I had to use oil lamps and a battery radio. Yet within a mile on either side of the farm there are electric transmission lines of two, presumably competing, electric utility companies. They look for business. I look for service. They both offer to supply me, both at the same rate and under the same conditions. First I must pay $750 for a connection, then I must guarantee to pay a monthly minimum charge of thirty dollars.

In common with many millions of Americans, I was forced to decline their generous offer. And like the many millions of Americans denied the benefits of electricity by such practices, I was unable to finance the installation of my own plant.

For an outlay of less than half the connection charge asked by the company I was able to procure a one-cylinder engine and generator. With it I am able to meet my modest power needs both efficiently and cheaply. For a dollar a month I am supplied with adequate light and sufficient power to run my radio and pump my water. For an additional two dollars a month I can provide myself with enough power to do my cooking and refrigerate my food. In all I save nearly a thousand percent.

While the one-cylinder plant solves my power problem very satisfactorily, I do not, I hasten to add, project the idea as a solution to the problems of rural users in general. My case is a rather special one. My farm is small and in the main a residence, and consequently my power needs are rather limited. The average producing farm needs considerably more power than my plant is capable of generating. It would not begin to meet the needs for irrigation and the hundreds of other uses made possible by the availability of cheap electricity. To even partially meet these needs would require equipment of a character far beyond the means of the average farmer.

I draw upon personal experience because it serves to illuminate the book under review. Professor Ostrolenk brings forth the legal and political aspects of the protracted fight for cheap and abundant power. I speak as the customer. Professor Ostrolenk marshals facts and quotations to prove the truism that the cheaper a commodity the wider its use; that coöperative or municipal plants undersell the electric utility companies; that the financial structure of these companies is unsound and burdensome to the customer, if not downright dishonest. He also recites the story of a more recent method for lowering power costs—the so-called "yardstick" policy by which the government operates plants in an attempt to expose the abuses of the private companies and to bring about "voluntary" reductions in rates.

Such material fills over two hundred pages with a readable, accurate, and comprehensive account of one side of the story. The disappointing phase of the book is, however, due not to commissions, but to omissions. The author, versed as he seems to be in legal matters and at home with the precepts of classical economics, has utterly overlooked the practical engineering side of the problem and hence failed to appraise the social value of the potential development of abundant electric power.

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Even the search through his bibliography discloses his ignorance of such works as Henderson's *Economic Implications of Power Production,* Polakov's *Power Age, Electric Power Development in the U.S.S.R.* by the committee for International Scientific and Technical Conferences, etc.

And yet, the issue is surely not delimited by a rate reduction of a few pennies to the average consumer. Over fifty years ago it was obvious that the advent of electricity "is a tremendous revolution":

> "The steam engine taught us to convert heat into mechanical motion. But the employment of electricity opens to us the possibility of transmitting *all* forms of energy—heat, mechanical motion, electricity, magnetism, light—one into the other and back again and to apply them to industry. The circle has been completed. The latest discovery of Deprez (1882) will definitely emancipate industry almost from every boundary placed by local conditions. It will also make it possible to utilize the most remotely situated sources of water power, and if at first it will be of benefit only for the *towns,* in the long run it will become a most powerful instrument for the elimination of the contrast between town and country. It is quite obvious that, thanks to this, productive forces will grow to such an extent that their *management* will become more and more beyond the power of the bourgeoisie."

So wrote, not a technical engineer, but a lawyer and economist—Frederick Engels to Bernstein in February 1883.

Perhaps the last sentence of this quotation explains the timid and academic character of Professor Ostrolenk's volume. Even the existing, limited distribution of electrical energy throughout our economic life has created new, heretofore non-existing economic contradictions. I chose to characterize the age as a power age in contradistinction to the past machine age. The tremendous increase of productivity of labor due to this new force, the profound changes in labor specifications, the irreconcilable contradictions between the new rate of productivity and the old rate of wages; the growing discrepancy between capacity to produce and capacity to purchase—all these inevitable results of electric power production have outgrown the old management resources. To go further in this direction means only more unemployment, sharper economic conflicts, eradication of the "white-collar" class. Not to go further means a surrender of the democratic form of government to the oligarchy of special interests controlling power—hence—the source of livelihood of a modern society. ANDREAS WIST.

Brief Reviews

SCENES FROM SOVIET LIFE, *by W. P. and Zelda Coates. International Publishers.* $1.25.

This is a small, unpretentious volume of impressions of the U.S.S.R., written by two British tourists whose chief interest in the country was the visible advance in physical and intellectual attainments which have been won since the beginning of the first Five Year Plan. Despite the fact that most of the material is now out of date, since their trip was taken in the latter part of 1935 and the early part of 1936, the book succeeds excellently in giving a picture of the real conditions of life of the average man in the first socialist country. The authors are not very inspiring writers. But for those really in-

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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terested in what day-by-day life in the Soviet Union really is like, this book can offer a much better guide than any of the more pretentious and heavily ideological volumes which appear so frequently. *Scenes From Soviet Life* serves, for the reviewer at least, as the necessary appendix to Williams's *The Soviets,* inasmuch as the latter volume supplies answers to the numerous questions which come up on the broader questions of Soviet internal and external policy, progress and difficulties, and the book shows quite well how these policies, these advances, and these difficulties affect the people themselves. For its unaccented, unhysterical, unpanegyrical tone the authors must be praised, as well as for their frank realization of the enormous tasks ahead.

G. C.

THE MIND OF MAN, THE STORY OF MAN'S CONQUEST OF MENTAL DISEASE, *by Walter Bromberg. Harper & Bros.* $3.50.

The author of this breezily written book is senior psychiatrist at Bellevue Hospital, and an authority on the criminal insane. What he offers us is in no sense a study of man's mind as an instrument of progress and achievement, but a designedly popular outline of the ways in which this instrument has gone wrong, and of the methods—most of them astonishingly cruel and barbarous—that have been used to get it back on the right road. It is grim reading: chicanery, quackery and pseudo-science, to say nothing of religious bigotry, impart a lurid color to its pages, so that even mesmerism, hypnosis and the faith-healing cults seem an advance. The modern period introduces the contrasting approaches of Kraepelin and Freud; on the latter Dr. Bromberg has much to say that is suggestive. The "group analysis" method of Dr. Paul Schilder, also of Bellevue, is given some attention. The book ends with a rather perfunctory emphasis on the need for correct child guidance in any long-term program of psychiatric therapy.

J. S.

MODERN BUILDING: ITS NATURE, PROBLEM AND FORMS, *by Walter Curt Behrendt. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.

It is gratifying to discover a book that recognizes the necessary relationship between architecture, building, and society. According to Mr. Behrendt, it is only after society, on the one hand, and the technique of building, on the other, have achieved a certain degree of order, that their product, architecture, arises. What Mr. Behrendt calls the present "crisis of order," or the search for a plan by which society can function organically, affects the course of building, and building in turn, after its own fashion, affects the search for order. Such is the thesis of this important and well-illustrated volume.

J. H. W.

★

Recently Recommended Books

The Outward Room, by Millen Brand. Simon & Schuster. $1.25.

The Letters of Lenin, translated and edited by Elizabeth Hill and Doris Mudie. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4.

After the Seizure of Power. (Selected Works of V. I. Lenin. Vol. VII.) International Publishers. Reg. $2.75. Pop. $2.

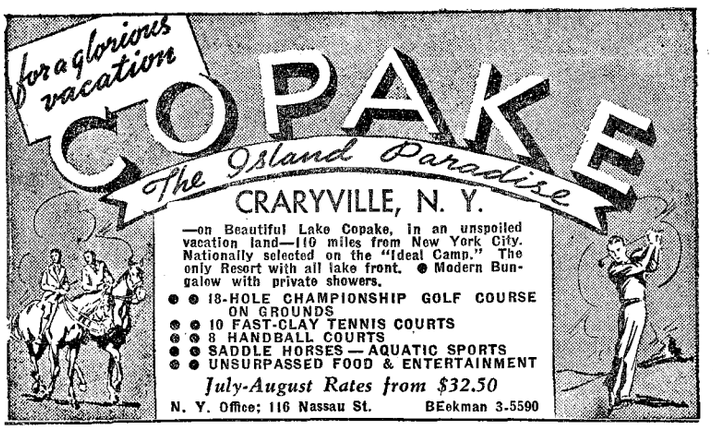
The Mentally Ill in America, by Albert Deutsch. Doubleday, Doran. $3.

The Paris Commune of 1871, by Frank Jellinek. Oxford University Press. $3.

Child Workers in America, by Katharine DuPre Lumpkin and Dorothy Wolff Douglas. Robert M. McBride. $3.50.

The Negro Labor Unionist of New York, by Charles Lionel Franklin. Columbia University Press. $3.75.

The Second Five Year Plan, The State Planning Commission. International. $1.25.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SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

A British film of the Russian revolution—Unions and phonograph records—Picasso's influence

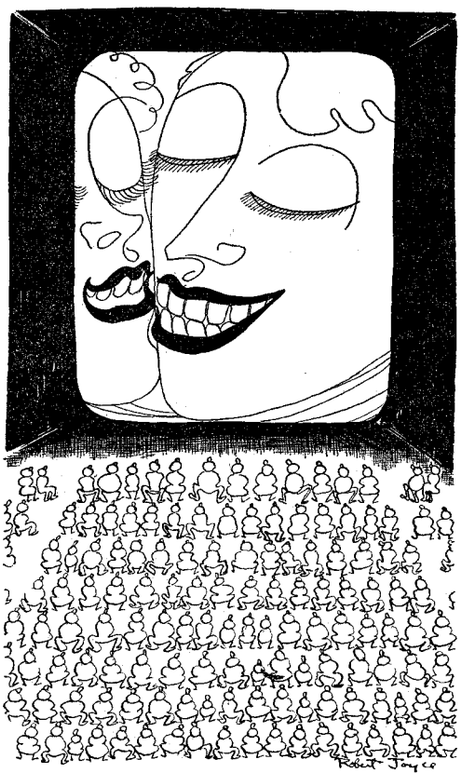
IN spite of the fact that Jacques Feyder who is known to American audiences for his *Kermesse Héroique* (*Carnival in Flanders*) directed *Knight Without Armor* (London Films—United Artists), I was afraid that the dramatization of James Hilton's romantic novel of the Russian revolution might tend to be another anti-Soviet motion picture. It is, however, as liberal and honest as it is commercially possible to be about the Soviet Union and the Russian revolution. By that I do not mean that it is a *true* picture of the Russian revolutionary movement or of the civil war. One could hardly expect that. But outside of the plot, the film does try very hard to establish authenticity of locale and types. Except in one or two cases, the revolutionists and the peasants are not ridiculed. On the other hand, with the exception of Marlene Dietrich who is, after all, the star, the Whites are not glorified. In the true spirit of liberalism, Feyder tries to show acts of cruelty and terror on both sides. If anything, this so-called objectivity gives a slightly higher score to the Reds.

In any event the film is essentially a series of episodes in which Donat, an Englishman who finds himself with the Red partisans, tries to get Marlene Dietrich out of the country so that they can live happily ever after in England. Thus, they are alternately captured by the Whites and Reds.

The first half of the film is exciting. The sequence in Siberia is especially satisfying from the point of view of drama as well as of exposition. The sequence in which the Reds recapture a town lost to the Whites is stirring. But after we have had three or four dramatic climaxes in addition to an idyllic love sequence between Donat and Dietrich, the film becomes a bore. There is no reason for its having ended where it did, since it might have stopped earlier or gone on indefinitely. The two stars do manage to escape, however, through the kindness and courtesy of the American Red Cross.

In spite of its dull plot, the film is exceptionally interesting from a formal point of view. The sets by Lazare Meerson, who worked for René Clair and *Carnival in Flanders*, are simple and brilliantly executed. Feyder has managed to make the photography more than good. And there are several sequences that are examples of brilliant imagination, especially the scene with the insane station master. The supporting cast is first rate.

King Solomon's Mines (Gaumont British): Another one of Rider Haggard's adventure tales come to the screen. It is far better entertainment than the R.K.O. version of *She*. Robert Stevenson has managed to give us several imaginative episodes in this story of a ---ure hunt in northern Africa. Paul Robeson's wonderful voice and singing is outstanding even though the lyrics are meaningless. Cedric Hardwicke and Roland Young also contribute entertainment value to the film.



Robert Joyce

The Emperor's Candlesticks (M.G.M.): History in its most romantic and unsatisfactory manner. The story of how a group of Polish nationalists of the last century kidnaped the Czar's son in order to force the Russian executioner to release one of their countrymen. William Powell is the debonair Polish agent who must get the ransom note to the Czar and Luise Rainer the Russian agent who is supposed to turn Powell over to the Russian secret police. Needless to say, their paths cross, and there is romance. There is also a nasty head of the Russian secret police who has it in for Miss Rainer because she was outwitted by Mr. Powell. But the Czar is very noble; he recognizes true love and he succeeds in playing Cupid. A complete waste of such a brilliant actress as Miss Rainer.

PETER ELLIS.

PHONOGRAPH MUSIC

SIX weeks ago the NEW MASSES [issue of May 28] carried an article criticizing certain labor conditions at the Bridgeport plant of the American Record Company, makers of Columbia, Brunswick, Vocalion, Perfect-Melotone, Master, and Variety records. At that time there was no union organization whatsoever in the factory, and wages were far from high.

What has happened since then reads like a fairy tale. The United Electrical and Radio Workers' Union, a C.I.O. affiliate, went to work and succeeded in organizing more than 90 percent of the workers. The management, upon the enlightened advice of its president, Richard Altschuler, called a meeting of the workers at which it informed them that they were free to join any union they pleased, and that the company would recognize as sole bargaining agent whatever union was endorsed by a majority of the employees. Last week Mr. Altschuler signed a closed-shop agreement with the U.E.R.W., granting a 12½ percent wage increase, a five-day forty-hour week with pay for overtime, seniority rights and complete grievance machinery, with the further stipulation that all employees must become members of the union within thirty days after employment. This contract is a milestone in the history of the phonograph industry; it is the first closed shop agreement that the powerful U.E.R.W. has been able to secure in the state of Connecticut.

The American Record Company manufactures approximately 40 percent of the records on the American market. Its labor policy is now far more advanced than that of any other phonograph company. The Decca plant in New York is still completely unorganized, and the R.C.A. Victor Company is busily engaged in fighting a National Labor Relations Board election in which an overwhelming majority of the workers chose the U.E.R.W. rather than the company union. Readers should bear this fact in mind.

DURING the last few years Jascha Heifetz has surged forward in the musical world. His concert programs, which once were overloaded with Vieuxtemps, Wieniawski, and other technical trash, have become models of taste and insight. He is now always on the lookout for new music and unhackneyed works of established composers. Rudolph Polk, who became associated with Heifetz two years ago, is said to have had much to do with his artistic awakening, but the main credit belongs to Heifetz.

Four years ago it would never have occurred to Heifetz to record such uncommercial items as the two Mozart sonatas for violin and piano in B-flat major (Koechel Nos. 378 and 454), which Victor has just released on Masterworks Set 343. Although he is far from an ideal interpreter of Mozart, Heifetz plays these two delightful sonatas with faultless technique, a tone which only occasionally acquires an excess of schmaltz, superb rhythm, and commendable restraint. Emanuel Bay is an excellent partner at the piano, although he is perhaps lacking in grace.

Another magnificent Victor release is the

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Bruno Walter version of the most wonderful of Brahms's symphonies, the third, in F-major (M-341). The tone of the Vienna Philharmonic is superlative, the recording more than adequate; the only thing lacking is some of the rhythmic fire to be found in the version by Clemens Krauss, which is not available in this country.

Topping the Columbia July supplement is a domestic recording of one of the last great Mozart quartets, No. 25 in F-major (Set 296). The Stradivarius String Quartet, which includes Pochon and D'Archambeau of the late Flonzaley, as well as Wolfe Wolfinson, first violin, and Marcel Dick, viola, gives an extremely competent performance. The recording seems to be far superior to that of the Roth Quartet, and the album is in every way a wise investment.

Yella Pessl climaxes her extremely active recording career with an album of fourteen Scarlatti sonatas for harpsichord (Columbia Set 298). I, for one, am sick of seeing the patronizing notices Miss Pessl has been receiving from record critics, for her playing here is of the highest order. Her technique is practically impeccable, and her crispness of style makes these slight works appear like gems. Hardly any of these sonatas have been previously recorded.

JOHN HAMMOND.

THE FINE ARTS

PICASSO'S message to the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy espousing the loyalist cause in Spain should awaken a new interest in his art in the United States. His words are a challenge to all artists today who are struggling for the right to live and create.

"My whole life as an artist has been nothing more than a continuous struggle against Reaction and the death of art. How could anybody think for a moment that I could be in agreement with Reaction and death, against the people, against freedom?"

In these moving words, Picasso has written the best criticism of his own art. Like the sensitive seismograph, which records a catastrophe in nature, Picasso, the artist, registers the social earthquake of fascism and recoils from its violence. More than anyone, he perceives that a system bolstered by war and violence can have no place for the creative artist, even for those artists who conservatively uphold the ideals of bourgeois society. For in practice fascism opposes the very ideals which the bourgeoisie formulated when it was a progressive class. The creative artist, whose business it is to deal with forms and images and emotions, is bound to call attention to this terrific contradiction, which the fascists strive so hard to conceal in order to mask the naked dictatorship of monopoly capitalism.

No one who has ever stood in the room in the Museum of Western Art in Moscow, which is lined to the ceiling with Picasso's paintings, could help but feel that he was in the presence of one of the great tragic artists

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of our time. Few artists since Michelangelo have wrestled so unceasingly with the problem of form, few have been so misunderstood even by their appreciators. Both painters are artists of a transitional epoch, seeking to bridge two worlds. And if the work of Michelangelo seems more titanic and robust, more humanly moving, it is because it belongs to that dynamic period of change when the new bourgeoisie was rising to power. Picasso's work, coming at the end of this period, while endowed with far greater sensibility, its rhythm more intellectualized and complex, displays a humanism divorced from pictorial means.

The split between form and content in Picasso's work, which makes his pictures so incomprehensible to the man in the street, is not due to any weakness inherent in his talent but reflects rather that basic contradiction in our society today, caused by the division of labor and the struggle of opposing classes. No one has struggled more than Picasso to arrive at some synthesis, and in his frantic efforts he has recapitulated the history of western art in the last twenty years. We may never know what it cost him to forego pictorial representation in order to embark on an analysis of form. Nor is there any less humanism in the grotesque surrealist form of *Bather by the Sea* (1929) than in his early blue period of beggars; in fact, there is more humanism because it has been clothed in more consummate form, so that this grotesque unanatomical specimen takes on the dignity of a tragic muse mourning beside a classic sea. And if Picasso's preoccupation with form—the one and only true problem of western art—has prevented popular appreciation of his paintings, the impulses emanating from them have changed our modern life. Scarcely a modern object but has felt the impress of his work, so that the furniture and textiles we use, the houses we live in, the dishes we eat from are remote reflections (and frequently distortions) of his creative genius.

To those who have followed Picasso's work,

John Mackey

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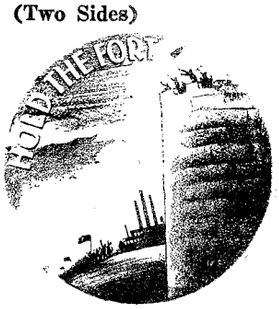

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it can come as no surprise that he feels a common cause with his own people and with the people everywhere in their life and death struggle against fascism. Within the field of his own craft, Picasso has arrived logically at the cross-roads between the old dying world and the new social world in the process of creation. The same courage which enabled him to face insurmountable problems in his art has enabled him to make the step across the great divide into the new society of the future. Perhaps the depiction of the tragedy of Guernica will enable him to arrive at that synthesis he has been searching for all his life.

For those interested in seeing the development of Picasso's work, the summer exhibition of the Museum of Modern Art, now located at 14 West 49th Street, New York, displays a bronze head of 1909 and three paintings, dated, respectively, 1914, 1923, and 1928.

Other features of the museum's permanent collection will be discussed next week.

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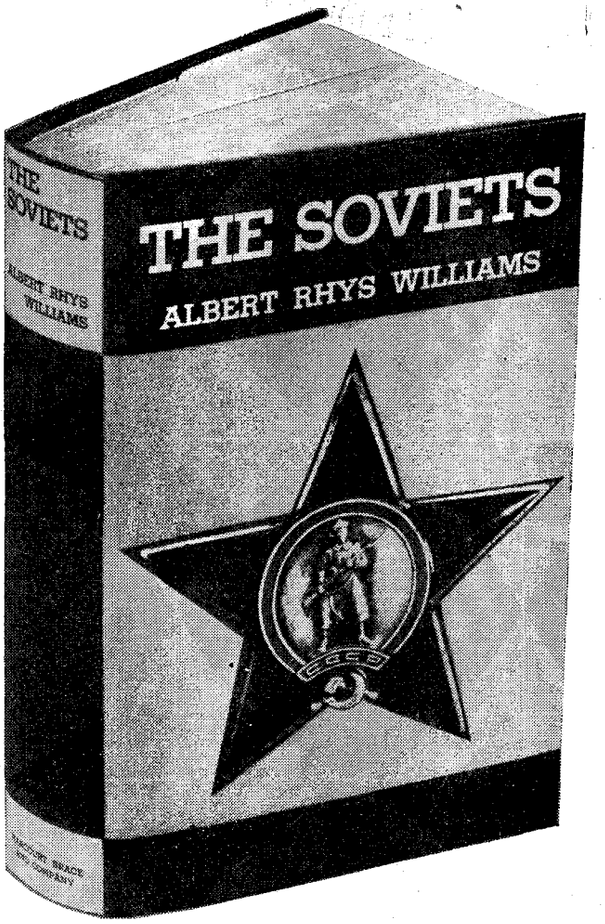

Informal as a pamphlet—informative as an encyclopedia, this book answers questions like these:

What is the policy of the Soviets towards Jews, Tartars, Kazakhs, Armenians, and the other 185 peoples?

What is the force that holds the huge Soviet apparatus together and keeps it going?

Why is the Communist Party so powerful.

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What incentives to work has the Soviet citizen?

What is the status of women under the Soviets?

How are marriages made in the Soviet Union? How are people divorced?

How do the Soviets deal with the liquor problem?

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Do the arts serve as instruments of propaganda?

Who writes Soviet books and who reads them?

How do the Soviets treat the criminal?

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